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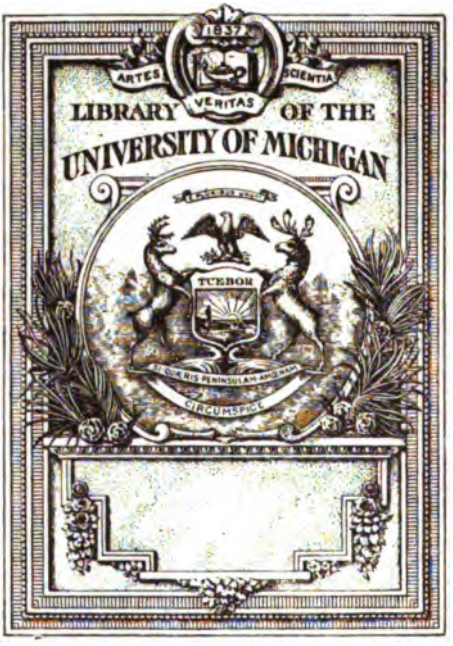
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MY GROWING GARDEN

The

PLATE I. Excelsa rose: "A wonderful grower . . . it blooms late." (See page 93.)

MY GROWING GARDEN

BY

J. HORACE McFARLAND

AUTHOR OF "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE TREES"
"PHOTOGRAPHING FLOWERS AND TREES"
"PLANTING THE HOME GROUNDS"
ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
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ROBERT B. McFARLAND

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Dedication

TO THE OTHER THREE
OF THE "FAMILY FOUR" WHO LIVE IN
THIS GROWING GARDEN

PREFACE

FOR many gardenless years I had been reading of gardens, and not seldom seeing some of them. The reading was mostly of the greater gardens, the appearance of which more often reflected the personal taste of the designer or the gardener than the garden-love of the owner. Indeed, the very sight of some gardens was irritating, because of their expensive elaboration.

In one notable instance, the great formal garden I repeatedly visited contained no suggestion of its owner, and I came to think of it in the name of the soft-voiced Scotchman who kept it growing and glowing. In another garden, of which I kept for some time a photographic record, the owner was unsympathetic, unrelated; he was doing a garden as part of his spending job as a rich man.

But one garden that I saw told another story. It had been started lovingly more than a generation before by a fine-spirited clergyman. With his own hands he planted in it, and his daughter, who lived in it when I visited it, was adding her ideals to those of her father in that yet growing garden. This seemed altogether worth while.

When it came my time to have a garden, it

seemed right that my garden should grow in my way, mainly by my own endeavor. Incidentally, and fortunately, it also was necessary that it should so grow, if at all, for financial reasons!

This garden—my garden, our garden—has grown for a half-dozen years under these conditions. It has been my golf, in pleasurable exercise; it has been my open-air school, in what it has taught me; it has been my physical regeneration from the debility of overwork.

It is only proper to mention the unusual conditions surrounding the making of this book. I have written it, but my family have lived it with me, and the print-shop which bears my name and enjoys my garden has made of the book much more than a perfunctory item of work. The publishers, too, have let down all the bars, so that in a very special sense the book has been lived, written, designed, illustrated, printed, and bound as the work of one man and those about him. Whatever it is, therefore—and I am keenly conscious of its faults—it is mine, or ours; it is of the man, the family, and the shop.

J. H. McF.

September 28, 1915

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MY GROWING GARDEN

CHAPTER I—JANUARY

THE PLACE AND THE PROSPECT

ACTUALLY, we—that means the family four of us—are to have a real outdoor garden! Not a "handkerchief" garden, in a white-fenced, shaded back yard, such as has mocked us for nearly twenty years, but a garden with borders, and beds, and walks, and maybe a sundial; to say nothing of a possible lily-pond, a longed-for rose-hedge, a dreamed-of orchard of dwarf fruit trees.

And it has happened suddenly, too, this garden prospect. Tired of the close-by asphalted street, wearied of the twenty hours of trolley cars that banged past every five minutes not forty feet from our very ears as we went through the motions of sleep, we were looking abroad for the place of our dreams—a garden place. Twice our hopes of a half-acre had been shattered; first by the sheer cruelty of the hard-hearted real-estate man's price-demand, when we found that old apple orchard

next the park; and again when our two friends had declined to settle with us away from immediate gas and electricity, from the city mail delivery and the water main.

Then came the sight of the little place, not at all the garden-place of our dreams, but a "practicable" lot of sixty-five feet front in a pleasant neighborhood, on which we might at least have a little room outside the home walls. Inquiry of a friendly real-estate man as to values followed, and also, glory be! his suggestion that we "look at the old H——— place."

Look we did, and we found, that dull November day, a tangle of tall grass and taller weeds, drifted leaves, dead pear trees and a dingy-looking old "mansion-house." But also there were pines and hemlocks about, splendid maples and horse-chestnuts, and a glorious old giant of a sycamore. A long arborvitæ hedge—several hedges, in fact—rambled across the place, near the slope on which had fallen from their trellises old, old grape-vines, relics of a famous vineyard.

Somber was the look of things outdoors that day, and worse indoors—but this is not a house story. I had "the surprise of my life" when the two ladies of the family, smelling the sweet odors of the autumn foliage, feeling the touch of wet hem-

lock boughs as they walked about under the drooping evergreens, agreed that this was right for a home, regardless of what might be inside those shuttered French windows. The outdoors had called, and we, city-tired, were answering according to our blood.

I have often thought, since, of that first day, and of the good fortune that was ours in coming to "the place" under the most depressing conditions, in the worst weather of that season which Bryant —who must have had mental malaria at times— calls melancholy. Melancholy! We couldn't find reason then, nor have we ever found reason since, for melancholia concerning the passage of any of the seasons here at Breeze Hill. Even that first winter was certainly a season of loveliness. Never a day but brought its own beauty in the trees, of sky and cloud, even of rain and fog, of frost and wind. The snow was always making pictures for us, on the pines and hemlocks, along the hedges and plants; and the occasional sleet outlined more completely the loveliness and the symmetry of the tree twigs.

And if I may exercise the writer's privilege of sudden change of time, I can say now, after a half-dozen growing-garden years, that spring and summer are each a new joy, each always better than

any other season ever was until the insensible passage into the "melancholy" autumn sets us tingling with color joy in the happy maturity of leaves and twigs, and shows us nature's color balance of warmth for winter and "coolth" for summer. Then we are sure that autumn is the best of all. We see how the honeysuckle holds its glossy green robe right through the frosts which bring down the golden shower of horse-chestnut leaves; we enjoy the berry brightness on the dogwoods and the persistence of the chrysanthemums; we watch the thermometer leaves of the big rhododendrons, and we have learned to pick out the promise of those fat, sumptuous buds on the lilacs, the forsythias, the deutzias and spireas, that are all ready for the spring show, not so many weeks ahead. Melancholy? We don't see it, or feel it, or know it, here at Breeze Hill, in this growing garden.

Now I've named it, though it was my much better half who did it first. It is the right name, for we are on a hill, and surely the breezes that reach us come straight from the distant mountains, not often touching the rising smoke and dust of the city a hundred feet lower. At first, we had a whimsical reason for the name, in that a change of but its first letter would be required to make it

fit the arctic predictions of our city-bound friends. But it has never been "Freeze Hill!"

This is to be a story of the growing garden, and it begins in the month of first possession, the snowy Christmas month. What is the place, and what the prospect?

The place had been rather aptly described to us as "two acres of San José scale with a house attached." In addition to the scale, there were in sight weeds, and weeds, and more weeds, but now the snow has made flowers of their aftermath. Of garden there is nothing, and the street plan upon which access depends predicates grading that will probably mean much raw soil, scantily arable. The trees are noble, but neglected and dilapidated. There are no walks save those that will have to be changed, and back of a great old arborvitæ hedge are the fallen ruins of a greenhouse and an ice-house—which we cannot hope to restore.

One or two Norway maples that had been planted have, through years of neglect, established everywhere thousands of their seedlings from an inch to twenty feet in height, sometimes sucking dry and killing portions of the great evergreen hedge, and sometimes just impudently declaring an intention to entirely possess the land. The once fine old pear orchard is dead, dead, of San

José scale, save only two trees. The tremendous old lilacs have been mutilated for their flowering branches every spring of untenancy by the lawless, and are as well thickly coated with another no less hateful parasite, the oyster-shell scale; but they are alive! There are gnarled quinces that look as if fruit could not come, and the nearly as much gnarled grape-vines that make up the most of the planted growth are said to be rich in root-knot, and to be worthless. Where I dug into the soil before frost sealed it, I found little depth of ground fit for a garden above the heavy shale that characterizes this neighborhood.

Here and there a pipe, or a stump, or a heap of stones denotes some long-gone feature of the mansion-house surroundings. Several great locusts tower near the foundation remains of the burned barn. There must have been some sort of a fountain here in front of the house, and there remain several forlorn old terra-cotta vases on wobbly foundations. Of the seven horse-chestnuts that too closely environ the house, six are more or less decayed as a consequence of splitting. The two branches into which each main stem was permitted to separate thirty-five years ago have not had strength to hold against the snow-loads, and a little crack in the crotch has widened until it

is now a serious opening, which may probably mean decay in the trunk.

Discouraging, all this? Not at all; for here are these same trees that time has matured into dignified beauty and efficient shelter; here is such a varied contour, such a succession of natural divisions by tree and hedge and house and approach, that the relative largeness of the place is at once apparent, or, to be honestly accurate, *was* apparent not to my desk-dulled eyes, but to the acute vision of my landscape-engineer friend, who early came to look at my purchase and quickly saw how very big were these particular two acres, and what they might become as a garden. He saw that the natural vertical axis of the place was through the selected living-room of the house and along the center of the garden-to-be, and that a horizontal axis could readily be created at a proper intersection. He it was who gave me courage to cut away some trees that the better ones might be yet better, and whose own great skill suggested the development which has made the new plantings fit the old trees and shrubs so that maturity has seemed to go right along with that same planting.

I have had very many reasons to be thankful for friends, and none more potent than for the

friendly professional aid of a man whose mind and heart are so full of the glory of the land and what grows on it that he plants garden poems and builds park epics right along. And I have, too, reason to pity the unfortunates who try to make a garden home by the T-square method, or who have it "sent in" ready made, without any clear ideal of developing the individuality that every bit of God's green earth can hold. Both a home and a garden, and much more a garden-home like Breeze Hill, deserve the better treatment of individual thought, preferably aided by consultation with a good landscape architect, or engineer, or designer, or whatever these fine men call themselves. And any such place will reward its owner who loves it and patiently works with it; reward him with a true garden individuality all its own.

If this may be done, there will be less tiresome monotony and less thoughtless duplication of plants. Gardens will not be mere repetitions of hydrangea and golden glow, but will show the taste and knowledge and ideals of the makers of them.

It may easily be seen, by now, that I am planning for a garden that shall be my own, in the sense of ideals; but that shall also be saved by reliance upon skilled advice from the errors I might

PLATE III. "The marvelous elasticity of the arborvitæs under a great load of clinging whiteness." (See page 10.)

make. It needs also to be made apparent to the reader that my growing garden is not to grow on gold, of which I have little, but rather on my own growth into that real garden knowledge which is found only with the spade and the rake, and amongst the seeds and plants and bulbs and roots and vines of American hardiness. My readers, therefore, may expect to find confession of deficiencies and failures, and of difficulties due to the lack of funds to rapidly accomplish my ambitions. They will have little trouble, I think, in perceiving that I now regard the failures and the lack of funds as blessings not at all disguised, because they have caused me to get more health, happiness and "fun" out of my garden hours, and to make my garden's growth more precious to me and mine. It is surely true in growing a garden that there is a far greater reward to the worker who personally strives for a result, eyes open to nature's wonderful ways of doing things, than is possible to be had by one who has merely waved the fairy wand of wealth, with a presto! but not worked-for result. Indeed, it is seemingly almost as hard for just money to make a garden that is home-like as it was for that camel of long ago to thread himself through the allegorical needle!

Those early winter days, when I escaped from

the call of the carpenters who were renewing the old house, gave me vast benefit. I knew about snow, of course—had I not shoveled my own sidewalk part of the time for a score of years? But I had forgotten some of the snow-happenings about my boyhood's garden home, so that the marvelous elasticity of the seemingly stiff arborvitæs under a great load of clinging whiteness was new to me, as I waded about, lifting here and shaking there to see the branches spring to position as released from their snow burden.

Twenty years of walking on city streets gave me no preparation for the sheer beauty of the walk through a foot of virgin snow, with the afternoon sun sending blue sky-shadows into every footprint. The outlining in snow of the lovely reverse curves of the branches on the western big horse-chestnut showed me anew what tree architecture means.

I made acquaintance, one winter day of hoarfrost, with the delicacy of the twigs of the sturdy young linden, and with the green plumes of the Norway spruce nearby. Curiously enough, I passed without seeing it a fine persimmon, which I presume was loaded then as it has been since with delicious fruit. Those same scraggly quinces which looked so forlorn in November took on a

new possibility when their branches were cased in crystal, for no fruiting could more completely justify their existence.

And the great old sycamore showed greater with the snow about it than it had when leaves instead carpeted the ground. Those days indeed gave me the prospect of the growing garden, while they showed me the loveliness of the snow garden that came into bloom in a night. The open space about—how it stirred me! I would—and did—shout for the joy of it all, and no one looked on me as insane; while had I raised my voice half so loud in rejoicing on the twenty-foot lot of my street-front home, some astonished neighbor might properly have telephoned for a policeman, or set on foot rumors of doubt as to my life-long abstinence from alcohol.

So I face this January the garden prospect. The items are as they have been above set down, but may be here summarized as including perhaps twenty fine trees, some hundreds of feet of old arborvitæ hedges, some scores of ancient grape-vines, some half-dozen great old lilacs, some slopes of weedy land, a flat expanse of raw and seemingly barren shale. The incidental detriments of broken-down outbuildings, and the interloping bushes and misplaced trees that had prospered during

years of neglect, may be disregarded. The scanty pocket-book that had to stand for the prospects ahead cannot be disregarded; it is to be carefully conserved, so that it may answer imperative demands for garden necessities. There is a hope that the things we may grow to eat on this land will make possible an occasional transfer from the household account to the garden budget.

Lest I forget, the shape of the place must be here set down: it is almost exactly a quarter-circle of a radius of four hundred feet. In my joy I call it my Breeze Hill piece of pie! And it slopes gently toward the south and east and west from the noble clump of Norway spruces that hold off much of the fierceness of winter's storms.

The place and a little of the prospect are before us, to work out in the months of the years that God gives us.

CHAPTER II—FEBRUARY

THE PLANNING AND THE CATALOGUES

THIS fine February day—a day of white sky over the white snow, of a clear cold that has just a hint of the growing strength of the sun back of it—I found "Old William" deftly working fruit off the upper branches of that persimmon tree I had not noticed at all the first winter of acquaintance with Breeze Hill. The old man had spliced together two long clothes-props, and with the uplifted end he could tickle off the wrinkled persimmons that were by now surely free from any astringency. The sight tempted me, and my younger legs were good for the simple climb that took me up where I could pick, eat and truly enjoy a fruit which to most Americans who live in the northern states is merely a tradition of their boyhood.

I have been wondering why the hybridizers have not worked some of the size and mildness of the big Japanese "kaki" into this delicious morsel of the north, and the inquiry born of that wonder is answered to the purport that the much larger

Nipponese fruit seemingly will not mix or "cross" or hybridize with our native persimmon. It is not recorded that Burbank has ever tried to bring together these two fruits in a union that easily might produce a result of great economic value; but then Burbank has not done much that is of any real use to any climate outside of California, and the spectacular seems to appeal to him much more strongly than the useful. Sometime, however, the union will be made, and we shall have a fruit somewhat larger than this shapeless mass of juicy pulp I am eating, with, let us hope, at least a portion of its exquisite wild tang.

There are two of the persimmon trees, but only one has fruited. Both have the distinct habit of the genus so clearly outlined in even these trees that are probably not over twenty-five years old, and which in the years of their maturity will make them splendidly effective.

I have discovered another treasure not far from the persimmons—a fine, shapely mulberry, surely old enough to bear. Truly my growing garden has surprises!

But now is the time for garden planning, so that later we may plant with order and certainty. While the hedges and the paths impose certain lines, in general the garden may be what we like.

This liking must be modified, however, to what my check-book will properly back up with cash. Therefore, and certainly, some things will not be there! My dream has not included great exotic rhododendrons like those at Wellesley, nor has it compassed the lovely magnolias I would be glad to see blooming among these evergreens, and in contrast to their solid color.

But I can have dogwoods and red-buds, and they are going to be planted where I can see them against the green of the high hedge of old arbor-vitæs. Then I will eventually come to see in the May time a home bit of the exquisite picture that I have often visited along the almost unknown Conodoguinet creek, where God certainly planted a garden, good enough for any Adam, in or out of Eden. And nearby, also with the evergreen background, there must be some more of that same slope of the Conodoguinet, in bits of *Phlox divaricata*, *Mertensia virginica*, Dutchman's breeches, bloodroot, May-apple and the other friends of my spring rambles. Perhaps I may even compass some of the great trillium, that woods aristocrat, which vies with the cotton flower of the South in its change of color in the same bloom, from purest white to a lovely blush-pink as the days mature it.

There will be other shrubs, of course, so that I

may have a succession of bloom all through the spring and summer. Certain old flower friends must meet me in the garden, but its invisible gate shall be barred against that gross hydrangea, the flowers of which hang on until the once white panicles blush into dirty pink and turn a corpse-like green, and which is planted as if it was the only shrub available in America. I will have hydrangeas, but the worth-while ones only—the plain paniculata and the oak-leaved one; the beautiful radiata, with its leaves silvered beneath; and the showy form of arborescens which loves half-shade and blooms early.

I shall prefer for admission here the native shrubs, and especially those native to Pennsylvania. Of course it will not do to overlook some of the fine exotics that the plant-collectors have sent us from over the seas, particularly from Japan and China, like certain snowballs and spireas; but I want the home place to reflect the home state. Those dogwoods and red-buds will be of "Penn's Woods," surely enough; and the great old sycamore which distinguishes the place is a native tree, naturally planted. The arborvitæs belong to the Atlantic coast, and these white pines and hemlocks are of the hills and valleys of this state, reminiscent to me of my summer home at lovely

PLATE IV. "One winter day of hoar-frost . . . the delicacy of the twigs of the young linden." (See page 10.)

Eagles Mere, with its grandly beautiful primeval forest.

The Norway spruces are not of America, and here they show it; for the older trees are becoming bedraggled, as might be expected when they are called upon to endure the vicissitudes of a climate with a variation of over a hundred degrees in annual temperature, instead of the lesser variations of the central European hills from whence it comes. These dominating horse-chestnuts, however, can hardly be happier on their own native Grecian slopes than they are here, or more beautiful in bloom; wherefore it may be that the leaf-dropping trees stand the change to America better than those we call evergreen.

Most of us, familiar as we are from early childhood with its spring sweetness, consider the common lilac as belonging to America, of course. Instead, we owe it to Bulgaria; and the many "improved" varieties of it are of French origin, while other and quite different lilacs come from various parts of Asia, with none at all native to America. The big, rugged, picturesque old lilac clumps at Breeze Hill may therefore remind me of the Balkans, if I can for a moment forget the similar plants that were a lovely feature at my old home along the Susquehanna.

But I want here in this garden more of the Pennsylvania good things that bloom; just as I should, I hope, prefer to have an Ohio garden, if I lived in that state of presidents, or a Massachusetts garden if I inhabited that very particular form of existence. I often wonder why people will continually plant monkey gardens, imitating something from somewhere else! I have seen the futile struggle for blue-grass lawns in Fort Worth, with the richly velvety Bermuda grass belonging comfortably there; and I have been angered at the folly of transplanting Newport and Bar Harbor to St. Augustine and Miami in the gardens provided around the hotels for the painfully rich. My disposition, therefore, for a home-state garden here is rooted in odious comparisons.

I see places here for some native rhododendrons and some laurels from our hillsides; and I am hoping these can be invited within my price range, for they will not be so financially repellent as the haughty hybrids "made in Belgium." The soil of this garden is without any limestone character, and if I can gather or get some of nature's compost or "leaf-mold," I ought to be able to have something worth while in these ericaceous plants, "collected" from the woods. Parenthetically, I wish the catalogue men would tell what they

know about soils, when a plant they sell will simply die in ground uncongenial to it.

There are on the place some plants of the native elder, a lovely though neglected shrub, esteemed more for its shining black berries than for its broad cymes of creamy white flowers, which come between spring and summer. So I will have this relative of the native viburnums or snowballs to start a collection with, that I hope will in good time give me bloom nearly from frost to frost, twig colors to brighten the winter days as well, and that will make my garden grow into a live and changing museum of the flora of Pennsylvania.

Of course roses are to be in, and of, and about, this garden; and I'll have to accept many not native to America. A rose-hedge about the whole place I wanted, but I have been word-persuaded and pocket-convinced that I was wrong. There will be a rose-fence, to separate two parts of the "formal" garden, south of the long arborvitæ hedge; and I see ahead a rose-arbor built of the completely weathered and long-enduring locust posts that the passing vineyard has left about the place. Rose-borders there must be, and I surely will have the great Rugosa hybrids that are pointing the way to a new race of rugged ever-bloomers.

This old mansion-house was the operating center of a farm of hundreds of acres, and could afford an encircling road about the home. But now with only two acres, such a road would bite too deeply into the lawn that must give repose and dignity to the house. A carriage approach from the new street on the west is therefore part of Mr. Manning's plan, and I have been staking it out these February days, finding the ground unfrozen under the snow that has given us days of good sleighing.

A February variation has appeared to my husky son, who has acquired a pair of skees, or more precisely *ski*, on which at first he tumbled entertainingly, but with which now he skims the new-fallen snow, and scales the hills which give us a changing vista each day. And while my fifty-year bones are not ski-inclined, I am rejoiced that by proxy I am thus freed from the trammels of street and sidewalk, because we are in and growing a garden.

To hurry our sight of flowers in spring we have placed a modest coldframe in a sheltered spot, where in these sunny February days we get a glimpse now and then of a violet, and see the readiness to grow of the pansies, campanulas, foxgloves and other carried-over perennials. We have

PLATE V. "A carriage approach from the west." . . . "My son has acquired a pair of ski." (See page 20.)

been anticipating spring, too, by cutting some twigs off the great old forsythia bushes, which after two or three days in the water-filled vases, and in a dark place, and two weeks more in whatever sunshine we have—yet in the vases, of course —are shaking their golden bells for us, just as brightly as their outdoor sister twigs will do in mid-April. It is a pleasant foretaste of the spring feast of flowers, and easily obtained.

Even in January the catalogues called to me, and now I know I must settle down to conclusions, so that orders may go to the seedsmen and the plantsmen whose aid we invoke. This catalogue lure is an old one, but it is a perennial surprise that I should never acquire immunity to it. As may without much difficulty be ascertained, I print catalogues for a living, and thus I truly live with them every work-day in the year. Just now I am in thankfulness that the recurrent push to have the seedsmen satisfied in January has been met; yet I turn to the pages of these books, as some of them are, with as much garden zest as if I had not worried for months to get them ready. It is, I suppose, a sort of automatic change of personality that happens, when I cease to see the catalogue as a printer and begin to gloat over its offerings as a garden maker.

So now comes the delightful difficulty of it all! I want everything new and fine that is offered; but I know quite well that I have neither room nor reason for all these "novelties." And also I know as well that not all of them will turn out in my garden exactly as they are described; which is, I presume, one of the best reasons in the world for adventuring into the trial of them. It is a fascinating gamble, a fair game of chance; and even if I draw less prizes than I hope for, I shall have had the anticipation of prizes and the satisfaction of trying for them. So it is, paraphrasing in my garden philosophy, better to have tried and lost than never to have tried at all. In fact, I am sure to win something, even if the sweet peas are not so many inches across, the petunias so wonderfully blotched, the asters larger than a respectable chrysanthemum, and if those phenomenal South African annuals fail to germinate at all.

Just here there comes into sight an advantage I possess that accounts in part for the drawing power of these annually recurring novelties that are thus so alluringly offered in the front pages of the catalogues. I know how some novelties, at least, happen, and why these are thus for sale. My acquaintance with these honestly hopeful gentlemen of the seed-stores has not in a generation

served to give me doubt of their good faith. Consider, for instance, this new celery that one seedsman is exploiting as better than "the best ever." It happens that I am acquainted with the acute and successful market-gardener who selected this "sport" in a field of good celery, watched it, grew it to seedage, planted it again and again, with renewed selections toward a high ideal, evolving at last a "type," or "strain," of celery quite definitely better than anything that had preceded it in his experience. Why should I doubt the truth of the claims made in the catalogue of the seedsman who is eager to pass on a better celery to his customers?

Then I call to mind the keen discrimination of that fine old Scotch gardener who had been selecting for years the softest and clearest colors, and the longest spurs, on the columbines he was growing in a mighty expensive garden near Boston. Why shouldn't that strain of columbine be better, as offered on the catalogue-pages of the seedsman who gave him a market for the results of his skill, and whose own prosperity depends on continued confidence?

There comes to mind another of these bits of inside knowledge concerning the ways of the seedsman This particular man does not love novelties

of the foreign sort, but he believes that rigid and thoughtful selection toward a high ideal is sure to bring about improvements that are worth while in standard sorts of vegetables. So all summer he travels to where his seed-crops are growing—and they are planted where they grow best to uniform excellence—in order that he may cull and cut out, or "rogue" in the trade phrase, every plant not up to his exacting standard. If he is wrong, so was Darwin; but I believe in both.

When I first began to photograph things that grow in the ground, I took what was really a beautiful picture of a certain radish to a veteran seedsman—a great old man whose years had been spent in searching always for the best. He saw no beauty in the photograph, because, as he explained to me, the *tails* of the radishes were entirely too "coarse." Think of refined radish tails, Mr. Doubter-of-Seedsmen, and realize just how, by a lifetime's interest in selecting so that the flesh would get into the radish and out of the tails, it has come about that you are served at breakfast with delicious little globes, or ovals, or thick pencils, of fresh pungency.

Grass is just grass, of course, to most of us; yet another of these discriminating seedsmen has been considering otherwise for a generation. He knows

each little blade or plant in your lawn separately, and when he has dug up a spoonful of your soil, he knows why you have or haven't a good lawn, and how you can have one. To him, a bag of mixed grass seed is a whole dictionary, and he can read the hieroglyphics of it. Why should I doubt his word as to any grass proposition?

Now most of the flower-seed "novelties" come from Europe, and those old Germans and Frenchmen have been doing such things plus for hundreds of years. Of course they make mistakes—nearly everyone does except you and I, gentle reader—but they try not to; and when an improved plant comes over the Atlantic, it has been sent, almost invariably, because the master seedsman was sure it was better.

So I'm no doubting Thomas on the "novelties." Some of them will not do well with me, because the conditions are unfavorable, or because I do not know how to guide aright their growth. Yet enough will do well to make the experiment worth while; and all the while I have the fun and the anticipation, which are at least sixty per cent of the game.

Therefore, I knowingly and gladly submit to the lure of the catalogues, selecting such standard sorts and such novelties as look best to my sanguine

eyes. That I usually buy and sow two to ten times as many kinds and plants as I can at all find room for is no sort of fault or harm, for I can give away plants even more happily than the nicotinist gives away a cigar, and with as much heart-warming thankfulness coming my way. I have given life, to grow, in good fortune, to continuing beauty or tasteliness; while the cigar, already dead, has to be cremated to afford a brief pleasure.

I find that I have been buying each February for this growing garden something like a hundred packets of seeds. I always intend to get less; but so long as these catalogues are alphabetical, and I must go right through from aquilegia to zinnia, from asparagus to witloof, I am likely to fall by the wayside, and linger in the varieties of annuals and perennials, and peas and corn. What harm? I get flowers, vegetables, knowledge, fun!

In February just a few things ought to get going, after these fine fat little packets have been parcel-posted to me. I shall hope to realize the early bloom of the Margaret carnations this year by February sowing. Just how, the garden-book reminders and the catalogues will tell me; I'm not intending to transcribe here any directions that are better had elsewhere.

CHAPTER III—MARCH

GETTING INTO THE GROUND

IN this middle-states location, March as a spring month is not an entire success. Its early days are likely to be as wintry as the coldest February, and it is safer to expect a blizzard than a zephyr any time. Yet there is something of spring to be noted, even when deep frost holds the ground from the spade, and while the furnace yet yawns for the few remaining shovelfuls of the coal supply that was so surely to last the winter through.

Look at the upturning tips of the horse-chestnut twigs, and note there a shiny, smooth coating over the fat terminal buds that may even be sticky to the touch—if you can touch it. If you had looked in February, you would have seen just the same buds, but not so shiny-sticky, and not quite so large. They are preparing for the spring jump.

The lilac buds also are worth close inspection. They, too, are fat and plump, where they are to be flowers rather than leaves; and, while they have been plump all winter, they are just a bit softer,

looser, and seemingly riper. They are ready as well for the impending event—the whole joyous resurrection that makes a northern spring something so luxuriant, so sweet, that the visitor from a supposedly more flowerful clime, like California or Florida, exclaims in astonishment.

But it is not yet spring—it is March, in this latitude the least genial, the least pleasing, the most capricious month of all the year. Usually nothing can be done in the ground during the first three weeks of this windy twelfth of the calendar, save to sometimes look over and stake out the garden. Indeed, any time the month and nature may combine to tell me that winter is not over and gone. One day of a later March than the first at Breeze Hill, after a light snowfall, there came a rain that froze around every limb and twig, and that in particular showed me how exquisitely beautiful the Thunberg barberry hedge can become when it blooms in crystal. This hedge, by the way, is the finest year-round thing on the place, for it is never lacking in interest. This frozen sleet has also emphasized the dainty structure of that fine linden along the axis walk.

There is, however, plenty to do, despite the snow and sleet, while the ground remains so frozen as to bear a wagon. The substance that is

PLATE VI. "A rain that froze around every twig . . . showed how beautiful the Thunberg barberry hedge can become when it blooms in crystal." (See page 28.)

to help this poor ground, this newly graded shale, to produce flowers and fruits and vegetables, can now be handily placed on the land. This is an excellent time for manure hauling and spreading.

When I faced the first spring on the barren acres of Breeze Hill I did not at all realize the problem of fertilization, nor did I even know what it meant to put humus in the ground. I bought two or three two-horse loads of slightly rotted stable manure, and thought I was well started!

Now I know that this hungry land, full of willingness to work for me, cannot so work unless it is fed, and well fed, and then fed some more. So I am always on the lookout for manure, to be taken any time I can get it, and to be piled for rotting if it cannot be at once put on the land. One spring the man I hired to do some plowing got disgusted and quit because I insisted on having him plow deeper than the three or four inches he thought sufficient, and because, as he expressed it, "There ain't no sense in plowin' manure out when I'm tryin' to plow it in!" He was getting into contact with the covering of manure turned under in the late fall, and which he thought ought to be ample.

I have heard various stories about putting too much manure into the land, but I have never seen

that land, nor have I yet seen anyone who has seen it. As nearly as I can manage it now, I put on, and dig in, and plow in and down, all the manure I can obtain, about twice a year, with the result of beginning to see that the ground is happy and productive. It is not too rich, nor nearly rich enough, and I think the available manure supply and my ability to obtain a reasonable portion of it will for a long time prevent the calamity of over-richness here!

At first, as I have said, a little manure went a great way, and it did little for the land. I know now that I need to trench or dig over to at least a foot in depth every inch of land that is to grow vegetables, and to supply very nearly two feet of fertile facility for flower-borders and beds. About all the early six-inch preparation of those first years has been gone over by now, adding manure lavishly, and removing, or breaking up the hard shale substratum.

And I have used considerable dynamite to loosen this heavy shale bottom. It appears that if the shale is broken up, and any sort of humus admitted, either of manure or of plant roots, the strong, basic fertility of the soil is unlocked, so that fine growth results. One plot was sub-soiled by digging holes about eight feet apart and two

feet deep, and in these holes driving down another two feet a bar that made room in each for a half-stick of forty per cent dynamite, which when exploded shook apart the shale without throwing any of it out. There was thus provided room for water and root action, and both are needed.

What I have written as to using manure freely must be read as applying to my problem, which is by no means what some other garden-growers may have to face. I am writing of how fertility has been applied to and unlocked from this rough and long-neglected shale soil. I have seen happy gardeners working on soil—deep, black, rich—that made me envious, until I realized how much more fun I was having.

That first spring the smell of the trash fire was constantly about Breeze Hill. I sorrow to think of the potential fertility I foolishly burned, in raked-up leaves and grass, in gathered weeds and vegetable refuse. No such wastefulness occurs now. Every leaf, every weed, every bit of lawn clipping, every scrap of vegetable waste, goes into the muck-pile, there to be wet and turned, and then again wet and turned, at least six times in a year. Any March snow is heaped over this muck-pile and, if it is unfrozen, intermixed with it. Last spring I had the satisfaction of seeing the year-old

pile worked through an inch-mesh screen, giving me a remainder of soft, rich black earth, the much-to-be-desired "leaf-mold," which is greatly commended by gardeners for many things, and which is most helpful when mixed into this lumpy shale at Breeze Hill.

I bought some leaf-mold three years ago, in which to plant certain rhododendrons from the woods. It cost me, delivered on the place, $4.15 per cubic yard, which puts a value on the product of my muck-pile, that product being exactly as good as the purchased article. That muck-pile, by the way, can rightly be termed, instead, a soil factory; for it has taken shape so that at one end the lovely, soft "black dirt" can be screened out, while at the other end are accumulating leaves, weeds, stems and all forms of soft and not woody vegetable waste.

If any reader of these words takes weariness at details of manure and muck, let him thereby know that for him a garden will never really grow, in the true sense! It is to me worth while to see nature's prodigality in leaf and stem and succulent plant body returned to the earth that gave it, enriched with the precious nitrogen taken from the air; and no less a joy to see animal excrement rot down into black humus, the finest of all fertilizers. And to

get these substances into the waiting ground in late March, ahead of the April rains, is no small part of the garden pleasure, because my imagination carries along the unseen sight of the chemical processes that are going on in the land, conserving waste, unlocking fertility, holding moisture in ready shape, and increasing the power of the earth to serve mankind. All that I am thus doing is to follow the more deliberate processes of nature, for the dropping leaf, the rotting twigs and trunks, the incidental animal excrement, all happen naturally, even though slowly, if man keeps his hands off the face of the land.

Here in this growing garden the so-called "green manuring" has helped me mightily to hasten the process of getting the ground into mellow tilth. I will write later about choosing weeds; but I may here properly say a word about how the growing and turning under of the land-improving plants has helped. One bit of yellow-red shale grading, as unpromising for growth as the side of a rock, has in three years been made into quite respectable soil by alternating crops of sand vetch and rye with coatings of manure and plantings of vegetables.

These manure-crops are very nice to see, too! The rye, sowed last fall just ahead of a freeze-up, has given us a bright green lawn to look at when-

ever the snow is off. The vetch that now covers another patch with a thick mat of its prostrate stems is also persistently green, and will bloom in purple glory if I do not get it turned under very early this spring. It is better than the rye, the soil-sharps tell us, because it gathers from the air the expensive and essential nitrogen, storing it in little nodules along the roots. As the whole plant is to be turned under, I get this nitrogen to work, and also the humus resulting from the buried herbage. I will thus have a thin underlying muck-pile to be rotting into usefulness for a year or more —for the authorities insist that the full benefit from a turned-under green-manure crop is not obtained until the second year.

I must ask pardon for writing of "crops" and otherwise as if I were dealing with acres instead of little garden patches! Yet the problems are just the same, save that my desire, at least, is for more intensive culture than is usual in acreage work in rich and wasteful America.

There is another thing to do these March days, and by all means the most disagreeable of garden operations. It is to begin spraying, with the unpleasantly strong "dope" requisite to permanently discourage the big-devil scale, named San José, and the lesser evil named after the oyster-shell.

Like other unpleasant things, one is disposed to postpone the doing; but "take it from me," that is a mistake! I waited, or delayed, over one winter, to spray some beautifully shaped currant-bushes that had given us a notable crop; and when I did get around to it, the San José scale had sucked the juices out of most of the stems, so they had to be cut off and burned. Nowadays I spray on the first fair and still day after I see any signs of either scale, and in late February or early March everything that is scale-susceptible gets thorough and repeated going over "for luck," or for surer protection against scales and other evils.

This latter general spraying protects as well as punishes, and it is quite as disagreeable to other predaceous bugs and their eggs as it is to the two main scale promoters of destruction I have mentioned.

The commercial lime-sulphur spray, in winter or dormant proportions, and preferably with lead arsenate added to give it killing potency for anything that eats, is a jaundiced-looking liquid, rather oily in consistence, and most unsuitable to get on any clothing ever to be worn again. An old rubber coat, rubber gloves, a disregardable hat, and much care to keep to windward, are essential to the comfort of the operator.

Most of all, he needs to be sure to cover every least twig of the trees and shrubs with the thinnest coating of the spray. At least twice each tree needs to be hit with the finest possible mist, high and low, right and left, and from all sides. To see to it that the nozzle of the spray tool is clean and clear, and to filter every drop that goes into the tank through a sieve good enough for the gasolene that is to run your automobile, will make for good work in the shortest time with the least waste.

As to what spray machine to use, I don't know! I have some seventy-five-cent hand syringes, an acceptable shoulder-tank affair, and a barrel-pump machine mounted on wheels. Any one of them works when it works, and is abominable when it doesn't. The thing to be accomplished, as I have said, is to get every twig thinly but completely covered with the spray fluid. Drops hanging down are no indication of anything but much fluid; the upper surface of the limb from which the drop hangs may be entirely free from needed spray-coating. It is desirable to get the highest pressure of air possible against the liquid to be sprayed, so that a wide-spreading fine mist issues from the nozzle. Pervasiveness, and not quantity, is what counts and kills.

Persistence, care, observation—all these I have

tried to use, but I can be humiliated any day by some spray-sharp who leads me out to the garden, as one did the other day, to show me a thick coating of oyster-shell scale along the limbs of two fine cornuses—the red-twigged and the yellow-twigged varieties.

But I'll keep spraying; I'll spray without ceasing! I can't afford to have any part of my growing garden made a dying garden by these nasty little pests. Later I'll have to spray the fruit trees in bloom for protection against the codlin moth and other predatory bugs, and later again the young fruits on the grapes and apricots and plums for curculio and brown rot and various similar devilments.

On certain March days that have sunned the soil so it can be moved, I want to make sure that my apple, peach, plum and apricot trees, and my cherished red-buds, are free from the hateful borers that like to chew into the young tree trunks right at and under the ground. They have terminated the existence of several of the trained dwarf apple trees I was coddling for early fruiting, and every such tree on the place has had a visitation. The only remedy is to dig them out with a knife-blade and a wire-puncher, and keep after them so often that they simply can't get along in peace.

I have smeared on concentrated lime-sulphur solution, which they seem to revel in! Smashing them with a knife or wire is the only sure thing.

Part of the garden plan for Breeze Hill is that looking from any part of the house there shall be an agreeable view of things growing, and that looking toward the house from any part of the garden there shall also be a pleasant prospect of plants or shrubs or trees. That is, I am to imitate the wisdom of the Frenchmen who have made Paris beautiful, and to consider vistas in every direction. Anyone who has visited the French capital will of course have noted that not even a letter-box or a lamp-post is planted anywhere without consideration of its relation to the street as a whole, which is why the French get so much beauty for little cost.

Now I ought to be able and willing to do as well with plants that grow in grace as the shrewd Gaul does with stiffly permanent architectural objects. Therefore a series of pictures is to be created, and I need to have those pictures relate in color and season to their surroundings. There can be few or no straight "rows" of anything, and anyhow I have plenty of straight lines in the bases of axial walks and ancient hedges which I must work from and toward.

These early March days, consequently, I have been thinking out planting vistas, so that to the nurserymen may go the lists of needed shrubs and trees.

I have found that it is easy enough to have the spring and early summer burst of bloom, but not so easy to see to it that some flowers are in sight throughout the summer and the fall.

The colors on the planting-palette are in several height-forms also. There are yellows in taller shrubs and in dwarfer spring-blooming bulbs; there are shadings of pink in herbaceous plants, in shrubs of varied form; and there is always white for merging and combining, in bulb and plant and shrub. Blue comes less easily, and must be placed where it will fit; some dashes of scarlet are the exclamation points.

Then, too, there is form to consider. The graceful deutzia is to be a fountain of white, while the hollyhocks in the same vista are like blunted spires, pointing upward in lemon or crimson or pink. It is this need for consideration of the effect that is most trouble and that brings the most results. I began without the picture idea, and I hid one shrub behind another, mixed colors regardlessly, planted according to the size of the nursery plant or the root rather than the eventual spread,

and did the other things that wasted time and effort—but gave me humility!

Now I am working more intelligently, and making fewer mistakes. The mistakes were for my good; for they made me think out the problems for myself, as I could not have done had I been holding to a plan made wholly by someone else. True, I have had and have held to Mr. Manning's admirable general plan; but he has only sketched the essential outlines, leaving me to fill in the form and color and personality. Just so I could wish any other maker of a growing garden might do.

I have in an earlier chapter confessed the lure of the catalogue as it applies to seeds. That brown pin-point of a seed is so little, so apparently trifling, that it seems each time a greater marvel that any thing should come from it. Yet come it does; and the sheer sport of expecting and of waiting makes the seed-adventure the more pleasantly alluring.

The shrubby plant and the tree are, somehow, quite different in catalogue appeal. One seems to know more completely what is to happen with them. Then, too, there is quite a price-difference between ten cents a packet of hundreds of seeds, and fifty cents or more for one little plant. Thus it is easier to keep close to shore on the plant orders.

There is a bothersome deficiency about these plant catalogues, I find. They say so much and so little; so much about how fine a thing this *Spiræa Van Houttei* is, and so little about how much space it will probably cover in the first five years and in another similar period. I have had to dig out some abelias innocently planted only three feet from a buddleia which in one year completely overshadowed them. Why didn't the catalogue tell me that the funkias would cover quickly a circle of three feet diameter, while the dictamnus set near it was easily able to stand on a square foot of ground? No one guarded me against the error of crowding peonies too closely together, or told me that the lovely old bleeding-heart would take much room until August, and then simply "get off the earth."

No catalogue I have seen discusses fully these important points; and when one is actually issued that shows forth such knowledge, I predict great demand for it, and I hope for the stock it offers.

In deciding on the shrubs for the vistas, I have tried to look for autumn and winter color, of fading leaf and enduring twig, as well as for seasoned bloom. Few shrubs bloom more than a month, and the most hardly half so long; but the leaves are often a full month in changing color before they

drop, and the twigs and branches are in bare view for most of six months. It is therefore most desirable to know how the subject in mind will work into the fall and winter picture, as well as what its budding, leafing and blooming earlier will be like.

I have been enjoying, these leafless days, the warm yellow-gray tone of a young lilac that held its foliage in solid green right through the early frosts until December's sudden zero dropped them, and I recognize a new merit in this pleasant twig color. Some time the catalogues that offer me nature-paints in plants with which to work out year-round pictures will get to telling all about their pigments, so that I may use them with more assurance in an endeavor to get varieties that have more than temporary attractiveness. The reading of the bulletins of the wonderful Arnold Arboretum, at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, has shown me how that world-master of trees and shrubs, Professor Sargent, is continually telling us unacute Americans of the real values of ornamental plants at all seasons. Who would buy furniture for his home that would be pleasant to see only two or three months in the year? And why should we furnish our gardens so wholly with the plants that explode into one bloom burst, with

little to commend them for all the rest of the year, when we might as well have the bloom plus good autumn color and attractive winter twigs?

When it comes to buying these needed shrubs that must get into the ground as soon as it is workable, I am after quality rather than lowest price. There is frequently a difference of fifty per cent in price between the offerings made by several nurserymen for the same item. The lowest-priced is not often the cheapest. One bushy, well-rooted spirea, for instance, full of vigor and showing transplanting and good soil help, and dug so that it comes to me with all its roots, is worth four or five spindly, leggy plants just as high, but plainly disclosing their poor origin and maintenance, and not infrequently delivered to the planter with both scanty and mutilated roots.

I made the mistake of buying in one order the larger-sized shrubs, rather than those a year younger and of medium but stocky size. They were bigger when they came, to be sure, but they indicated plainly their need of severe pruning, which when given set them back more than a year. Now I ask for young and vigorous plants, which are more likely to come with roots but little mutilated, and I see the better results in growth, besides saving the considerable difference in cost.

To be sure, there are a few nurserymen who keep transplanting and root-pruning all the time, and who can in consequence ship large shrubs, with a "ball" of earth burlaped about the roots. But these fine things are hardly "my size," for I must make each garden dollar count to the utmost.

March is passing while these experiences are being told. About the opening day of the almanac or official spring, on the twenty-first, it is allowable to look for evidences of the sun's power. Under the old arborvitæ hedge, and along its southern border, I am accustomed to find some white sweet violets that are there happily naturalized. Their fragrance is as delightful as it is significant of things doing in the bosom of Mother Earth. The crocuses are likely to pop open suddenly some one of these mornings, nor will a snow flurry or a sharp frost discompose them in the least. Of course the snowdrops are up and doing; they seem to prefer to invite comparison between their whiteness and that of the frozen water that gives them name. In sunny facings, the Golden Spur narcissus buds show richly yellow, and they promise an early April glow. The pussy-willow buds are well along, as the first of the bees soon discover, and those fat lilac buds are almost bursting. There are signs and scents and sights of spring all about the

PLATE VII. "March is passing . . . The crocuses are likely to pop open suddenly." (See page 44.)

garden, even though in northern corners some time-worn snow yet lingers. Where I lift the loose protection from the bulb beds, I see there fat yellowish green shoots, hunting the light; but I drop back the litter, and say, "Not yet; Jack Frost is looking for you!"

The soil, too, in this last week of the month is usually fit to push a spade into. To plant roses, trees, shrubs, now, means a greater assurance of prosperity for them. This is true especially of "dormant" or outdoor-grown roses, much the best kind to plant. All the better if the ground was made ready before frost closed it in the early winter; but whenever it is workable in March, the holes may be made, and the soil stirred up with rotten manure, to be fully prepared for planting promptly when the shrubs are at hand.

It has been a sort of fetish with us to plant early peas in March, if possible, just as my Pennsylvania German ancestors believed that St. Patrick's day—March seventeenth—was the one time for sowing late cabbage seed, even if it had to be sowed on the snow! Neither habit seems sensible; for we assuredly take better care of our cabbage-sowings now in a coldframe, and I have found that Gradus peas sown the last days of March, in soil that had not felt the warming touch of the sun to any depth,

hardly keep pace with those put into more cheerful ground some days later. It is the same with sweet peas; they love cool ground, I know, but they discriminate against chilly ground, often soaked with snow water.

No vital harm has happened, in my garden, if March has passed without a single seed being sown in the open. My acute friend Kirby, a real seedsman, is threatening to put forth a table of soil temperatures, so that we may know just what is the right Fahrenheit degree at six inches depth to spell quick germination for the peas and spinach and other desirable "garden sass" items. I think such knowledge would be most valuable to have and desirable to work with.

I remembered how as a boy I saw rhubarb hurried up in early spring by covering the plants with barrels. Two years ago I did it here, and with the same success; but by accident the third March one barrel was used that was completely tight—it was a sugar barrel, I think. And there had been heaped about it some rather hot horse-manure, this as usual. The result was that under the tight barrel, admitting no least ray of light, there sprang up the most beautiful, tender and altogether delicious leaf-stalks of rhubarb. The leaves under the barrels that admitted some light and air were good, but

not of the superlative excellence of those growing in the warm darkness. Therefore I shall every March hereafter see to it that similar conditions are provided for some of my rhubarb plants.

During the latter half of March the hotbeds and coldframes have been made useful to start things for the early outdoor garden, and to push ahead the long-season flower items particularly. Asters, cosmos, salvia, petunia and many other seeds are in or germinating or up. To have a long season with tomatoes, plants sown in late February are now transplanted to pots, and they will be kept going right along. There are really earlier sorts for these advance plantings—Field's Early June is one that made good almost in June with us.

It was rather hard to get my business mind to take up garden problems in the earlier years of this growing garden, but now the family jogs me if I slip, and my son is ready to do the actual early work with that particularity which means success. We are determined to eat from Breeze Hill garden as early and as late as prevision can arrange, and so there is thought to plan the succession for a long season of better things than any money can bring. For eye pleasing, we want flowers early—they are with us already, as I have noted, while snow yet remains—and we want them in sight

every day until long after the first frost stops the tender things. Such is the garden programme, modified by the absence of a trained gardener and his appurtenant greenhouses. We are the gardeners, and our frames, cold and "hot," must do the early pushing. We face the planting months with much anticipation and each year with growing confidence.

CHAPTER IV—APRIL

PLANTING OF ALL SORTS, AND SOME RESULTS

PLANT; plant early, plant carefully; but plant! Such is the impulse of April; and the planting must be of seeds for food and for flower, of trees for fruit and for foliage, and of shrubs and plants for all these ends. Plant early; that is the vital point for most things, as my five interesting years of Breeze Hill garden experience sums it up.

For it seems in some way to definitely promote the prosperity and progress of the plants if this chilly April ground settles early about their roots, even if a later snow or two suggests a return to winter. The reason probably is that, with the plant or tree thus in place, the root action may begin without any waste of time at just the moment enough of the sun's warmth is available; while later planting, in too many cases, means that healthy root action has been begun in the wrong place—at the nursery, in the package, or where temporarily "heeled in" awaiting weather, ground preparation, or convenience.

One season I bought dormant roses from a nursery north of me, which came and were planted before April fifteenth. They were so sturdy and stocky and good-looking that I ordered "more of the same;" but the second shipment, caught in that big nursery's spring rush, was delayed until early May, so that the second lot of roses were not planted until May fifteenth. Most of the plants were yet "dormant," or unstarted; but though the planting was careful, the ground warm, the rains encouraging, more than a third of them either failed to grow at all, or died after making a weak start. All of the earlier lot grew without check, and bloomed beautifully the first season.

I have had other similar experiences, and I have suggested to some of my rose-growing friends that it would be showing good business courage if there were plain refusal, on the part of the nurseryman, to ship roses after a certain critical date for each climate range. Failures would be fewer, and consequently planting would be more liberally undertaken; for nothing so discourages the average garden-maker as having plants die for him when he has done his best.

For me, dormant roses must be planted in March if they are available and if the ground can be worked, but certainly before April twentieth.

And I don't at all care for the "started" roses in pots; they may doubtless do beautifully in many places, but have so far done most unbeautifully in my garden. Can I be blamed for following the indications of my own experience?

Other trees and shrubs are less sensitive to the calendar, I think; but any hardy, dormant, growing thing is given a better chance for prosperity if it is planted early. The nurserymen are willing and glad to get the "stock" off to the planter as soon as the ground is open to them. Some of them carry certain trees and plants over winter in great sheds, where they are unfrozen; and if the stock in these sheds is "heeled in" so that the roots are covered with damp soil, the plants may be considered good. Where the storage is in bins, with exposed roots, I have come to believe that the vitality of the trees and plants is materially lessened over winter; wherefore I should prefer for myself freshly dug stock, even if it had to come a little later.

If I do not here set down my belief that one can with success plant anything at any time, *if he takes trouble enough*, I shall be blamed with inconsistency later. Such is my belief, based on some experience; but I call particular attention to the italics. The "trouble enough" is trouble enough,

or there will be trouble if it is *not* enough; wherefore the path of ease and certainty lies along the planting ways of proper times.

Several of the seven old horse-chestnuts that too closely embowered the mansion-house at Breeze Hill were considerably decayed, I found that first spring. Two of them were cut out entirely, admitting sunlight to the home, and giving room for the remaining five to fill out more comfortably. To these five the attention of my old friend John Davey was asked; and he found them badly split, and that their trunks were partly rotten. Later his men came and practised "tree surgery" upon these same trunks, and with the most favorable results. In one trunk, split at its forking a dozen feet from the ground, a nut from the tree had germinated, and had so grown in the rotting wood of its own parent tree as to have more than two feet in length of bushy roots! This tree was the "sickest" of all; but cleaning out the infection, putting in strong iron bones in place of its decayed wooden heart, filling with cement, bracing with chains, started it to growing most vigorously and happily. It has not failed any spring to be covered with its lovely blooms, and the young growth is "rolling" over the opening in the trunk as if it intended to make a complete covering.

PLATE VIII. "Tree surgery . . . This tree was the 'sickest' . . . now growing most vigorously and happily." (See page 52.)

At first blush, the average cost of about $30 for each tree, which was the surgical expense, seemed large. When I considered that it would take all of thirty favoring years of new growing to give me as good a tree as the tree doctor provided from the old wreck in two weeks of intelligent repair work, I had to conclude that the job was cheap enough. Looking fairly at one hundred and fifty dollars "saved" and the five trees gone—and they were going fast!—the money made a mighty small pile, and it cast no shade from the summer's sun, as the trees did, and continue to do. It is "me for the tree-doctor" now, because I have no certainty that I can wait on earth for young trees to replace the old and picturesque ones that make this growing garden fit to live in.

Just the same way I have felt about the giant sycamore which dominates the whole place. An ill-intentioned "anthracnose," as Professor Whetzel calls it, had been pushing off the young leaves in the spring soon after they spread their soft greenery to the sun, and thus forcing the tree to make a second crop of leaves each season, much to its quite apparent distress. Without assuring me of its efficacy, the professor advised spraying with bordeaux mixture to discourage the anthracnose. Now spraying my orchard of dwarf trees not over

six feet high is one thing, but quite another is spraying the primeval monarch, up toward a hundred feet in the air, ten feet about at breast height, and with a spread over the lawn of seventy-five feet! It could be done, however, and it has been done, three times, to the tree's apparent benefit. Any reasonable thing is worth while to keep alive and happy a big or a fine or an eye-filling tree, as I see it.

The dwarf fruit-garden, or orchard, was planted at Breeze Hill during this month of rains. I thought I had not space enough for "standard" trees, and I have shared the common belief that many years would pass before they would bear. The dwarfs, planted closer and fruiting sooner, seemed indicated, and they were put in place the next April after our June first occupancy of this garden-home. They have prospered mightily and fruited scantily, save as to the plums and peaches and the trashy Bismarck apple. If it were all to do over again, I think I would plant standard trees, rather than dwarfs; but the first full fruiting year may change this feeling. Certainly the dwarf orchard is good to look upon.

The apple and pear trees were trained specimens from Germany. In addition, I planted some thirty-six feet of an "espalier" just south of the

old arborvitæ hedge, because it seemed an ideal place for training some pears and apples upon the framework known by the French name given above. The twelve trees for this affair had been "personally conducted" for the purpose from their tender youth, I presume, and a really delightful German gardener attached to a nearby nursery has trained me to train them up as they should go—which is great fun.

I have had no illusions about this espalier planting. I knew it was not necessary in this fruit-favorable climate to tie up each stem and twig to face the sun; but I have wanted to see what would come of it. I'm seeing, and I'm not dissatisfied. The first fruits came last year on two trees, and they were good; but they were even prettier than they were good. And, too, it gives me such a fine chance to swell up a little when I lead visitors to this nook, to disclose to their surprised gaze these elaborately flattened out little trees!

The small-fruit part of this garden has been quite satisfactory. The currants have done exceedingly well, except as interrupted by San José scale when I was not vigilant. The blackberries and red raspberries, both trained on wires, have likewise done their full duty by us.

The neighborhood of this old garden was famous for its strawberries, as I shall detail later, and I have maintained that fame in my later plantings, I think. The last April planting was of one hundred "Progressive," a fall-bearing sort, which—but there! I'm getting ahead of my story.

The resolve to make this garden give us good things to eat implies attention to vegetable seed-sowing early and often in April. The very first day of the month saw a sowing of "Gradus" peas, and on the fourteenth, last year, we tried an experiment proposed in a garden journal by a seed-sharp whose ambition somewhat outruns his knowledge. Eight separate sorts of peas were sowed the same day, the promise being that they would mature in such succession as to give us six weeks of a vegetable that we are fond of. They didn't happen exactly that way, but somewhat so, as will later appear.

Radishes, of course, come along in April—the nice little French breakfast sorts in about three weeks after sowing, if the ground is rich and fine. I didn't know last year how good spinach was, until autumn; but this year it is going to come along with the peas, in two weeks' successions, with the New Zealand variety as the summer standby.

Sweet peas are to be sown early, and we try to get them in about with the first "eat" peas, though I am not at all sure that it is an advantage to do so. They deserve a little warmth in the soil, as well as soil of extra depth—we work it and enrich it full two feet, for results. No longer am I inclined to have so many sorts—a half-dozen is probably too many, though the descriptions of new sorts each season are most seductive!

When I read the English literature about sweet peas, I am almost afraid to sow any here. Who are we recent Pennsylvanians, merely three or four generations from the woods, to compete with soil three feet deep, edged by lawns a thousand years old! This climate, too, passing rapidly from frost to near-boiling, is unkind to plants that love moist, cool soil, and sunny cool days. Yet such as they come to be, sweet peas in America are "not so worse," and I'll keep along, always working toward better care, plenty of husky fertilizer, and water, water, water! The plants will not stay green to the very ground, and we will fail to pick every bloom before it spends itself in a seed-pod; but we'll have at least some of the pleasure our British friends gloat over. It seems practicable to go down into the earth the best part of a yard with the sweet pea trench, and to start with six inches

of rough manure to hold moisture, following with layers of soil and manure to the top.

I wonder what is the best training procedure for peas of all sorts? In this garden we've fussed with many sorts of equivalents for the "brush" that would probably be ideal until we had it. For peas to eat, we've used "chicken wire," even up to four and five feet; but it's a sort of expensive nuisance. For sweet peas, the chicken wire, and also a scheme of strips my ingenious son worked out, which seemed to meet all needs when planned, and nearly none when used. Six-foot cypress stakes, driven in a foot, and "strung" between with coarse twine, worked once; but it was slow business to put the trellis up, and heavy rains set it to twisting around too much. There are costly trellises in the catalogues, or in the seed-stores; but I can't take so much of my slim garden appropriation for things that won't grow.

One year I had planted some sweet peas in late fall, to secure an earlier start. I presume the start was so early it got clear away, for only four plants did actually come through. They grew vociferously, and with, in consequence of much mortality amongst their neighbors, plenty of room. So I provided them—the fearless four—with a little effect of sticks and strings on which they produced

many and large flowers. This gave me the knowledge that much room—a half-foot or more—would probably mean more prosperity for the sweet peas, wherefore the opening year is to see a similar provision for fewer sorts and many less plants than usual. But the trellis?

One sort of trellis I do know about: the trellis for the espalier, for grape-vines, for blackberry and raspberry canes. What I know is that the ordinary "galvanized wire" offered as weather-proof, and which I dutifully strung on the heavy pipe posts of the espalier and on the durable locust posts set for the grape-vines and the "bush" fruits or brambles, has simply evaporated into nasty brown rust within five years. It was not honest iron wire, really "galvanized" with zinc, but bessemer steel wire, merely breathed upon with the white vapor of hot spelter. Bessemer steel is a great structural material, I understand, with tensile strength and other qualities plus; but exposed to the air it invites oxygen to put it back into the earth that gave it, and that speedily!

I complained volubly to the hardware man who sold me this bunch of rust, and he admitted the worthlessness of the wire, adding that there was no really reliable wire obtainable. Then he proposed aluminum, which I bought and applied,

obtaining for the grape-vines a fine trellis, evidently durable enough, but too evidently more than reasonably expensive, for the wire cost one cent per foot.

There was on the place a tangled mass of the wire that had been removed from the grape trellises of a generation gone, and this was entirely intact, so far as rust was concerned. From that bundle I used many pieces for varied purposes. Later, seeing certain advertising of pure iron, I pursued a correspondence which has put into my tool-house now, for use this year, a coil of "Armco" iron wire, claimed to be really serviceable.

In addition to being a good time for planting, April is a proper month for much garden work in the way of clearing the grounds. The lawn needs raking, seed and fertilizer sowing and rolling; and earliness counts in lawn-repairing and in lawn-making just as it does in rose-planting. The grasses seem to be full of willingness to work in cool ground, and I have seen some curious happenings out of the same seed-bag sown from three weeks apart, as between an almost solid stand of dandy little grass plants in the one early case, and a nearly as solid stand of pesky weeds in the sad later case. I know it is very much worth while to mend lawns and to make lawns just as early as

PLATE IX. "April is a daffodil month . . . The driveway crescent border glows now in Emperor." (See page 66.)

possible. Indeed, there have been good results here in this garden with seeding so late in the fall that the germination did not take place until spring, when it happened happily and completely, to the destruction of weed seeds and weed prospects.

My preference for native trees and shrubs has been expressed. It seems to me very much worth while, in addition, to see and study shrubs from other climes which may become valuable here. There is a pleasurable feeling, a fascination, in experimenting with possibilities, so long as the main features of the planting are safely American. To work with "novelties" in plants is little less a lottery than to sow the seeds that are to produce something better than the best, even if the best does not always happen. The Arnold Arboretum —the most permanently organized educational museum in all the world, about which I wish I might write a book!—is looking out to bring to America, to try, and to provide growers with, the trees and shrubs found in lands afar off. For it my friend Wilson, a prince of plantsmen, has spent years in going over the western part of China, that region having been selected because of its greater climatic variations, the rigor of its winters, and because of a singular geologic similarity which seems to give the places six weeks

travel west from Pekin a curious relation to eastern North America. In sending Mr. Wilson to the very borders of Thibet, Professor Sargent was acting upon his own estimation of the untouched plant possibilities of that region.

The result has more than justified the expectations. Thousands of new but similar trees and plants have been obtained, often at great risk, and amid thrilling conditions. These plants are growing at the Arboretum, and from them Mr. Wilson has selected about a hundred for me to try out here at Breeze Hill. It was on an April day several years ago that I unpacked the box of mysteries and planted the Arboretum shrub-bed. To watch these plants start and grow, to note their differences and their habits, is to me of the greatest interest. Knowing nothing at all of their habits, I have had to plant at haphazard, and that has added to the interest. Beside a standard lonicera—a bush honeysuckle—was set another lonicera. How did I know that the first named was an "up-and-coming" sort that would make a great mass in two growing seasons, while its seeming brother of the same family was a hug-the-ground trailer that was quickly covered out of sight, because too near? Here was a syringa, and that I knew to be of lilac relationship; but

its dainty cut foliage, "pinnatifid" in scientific accuracy, seemed to belie the name until an even daintier flower came to herald what may happen this year. There have been many surprises, so far, and others are coming, I know. The subjects that have bloomed are different, beautiful, and worth while; and that is just what Professor Sargent has been aiming for, as the tree and plant benefactor he is.

The Arboretum bed has been rather considerably changed, last fall and this spring, to give room to the more vigorous plants, and to put certain shrubs where they will obviously be better placed. That is part of the fun of it.

Three years after the dwarf orchard was planted there were several vacancies to fill, caused by the assiduous work of the borers. I concluded to fill them, and to add as well several varieties of "old-home" pears, planting standard rather than dwarf trees. One Bismarck apple that had passed on gave room for another old-home sort, the Smokehouse. I'm working out a theory in the planting of this apple tree. From a nursery that grows apple trees by the million I had sent me a selected one-year-old Smokehouse—that is, one year from the bud, one season's growth of the Smokehouse scion, but two years of root age. This

I trimmed to a "whip," meaning a straight stem without branches, and its fine roots I also shortened just a little.

A hole two feet deep was dug, and at its bottom a crowbar was driven down another two feet. Into this four-foot depth was slipped a stick of forty per cent dynamite. After the thorough "tamping-in" that followed, the dynamite was exploded, shaking up the subsoil quite thoroughly without bringing much of it to the surface. In the re-shaped hole, with much good soil, bone dust and manure packed well away from its present roots, the Smokehouse was planted. It grew vigorously last season, and will, I hope, accomplish its destined work of beginning to bear in about five years, aided by heavy summer pruning. Four fine pear trees were similarly planted, and have responded pleasingly.

Toward the end of April the sun usually has started things into the joy of spring in this garden. The grass, of course, is delightfully green quite early in the month, and the flowers that consider early snows only an impertinence of waning winter are blooming before the fifteenth. Crocuses carrying over from March have made the south-facing border gay; the deepened sky-blue of the scilla has excited us along the walk from the house; and

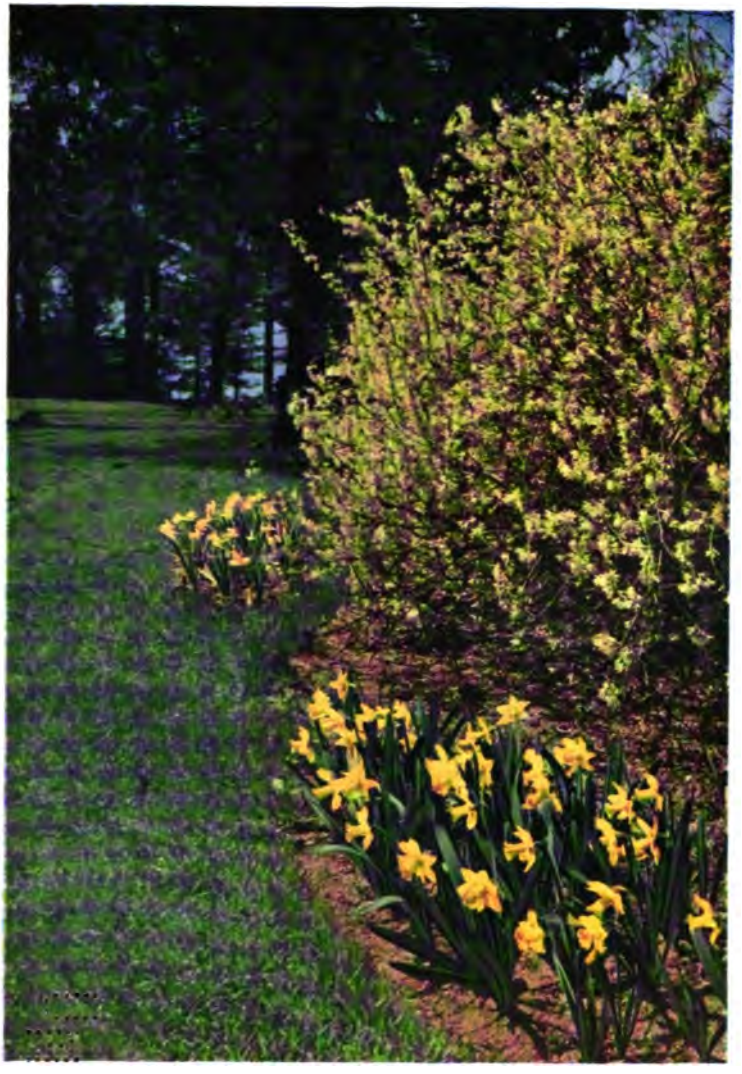


PLATE X. "The forsythia . . . its yellow bells are shaking . . . At the foot there blooms a crescent of Golden Spur narcissus." (See page 65.)

"Lovers' Lane" is richly showing forth its woods gems. Hepatica, bloodroot, rue anemone and tooth-wort precede the trilliums which are in full show by the last week of the month. In the formal garden, the English sweet violet, one of my "weeds," about which I will write later, is opening its flowers, some of which were showing in late March.

The apricot and the Japanese plums are a wonderful show in mid-April, with their complete cloud of white blossoms. By the time they are falling—and making me hustle to spray them—the Norway maples are showing their orchid-like flowers, seen of few, I fear; for their yellow-green clusters overhead, both lovely and sweet, are accepted by the thoughtless as the breaking leaves. There is a threat of opening in the opulent apple buds, which are pink-streaked now, but will need May days to spread them.

Of the shrubs the forsythia is the only one here to bloom fully in April. Its yellow bells are shaking in the rainy breezes for ten days or so, though the blooms at Breeze Hill have been scantier since a fierce winter that evidently chilled them below the power to live. At the foot of one fine plant which is the April color point of the most important living picture from the south

side of the house there now blooms a crescent of Golden Spur narcissus, the hues of which fit ideally with the forsythia's clear lemon bells.

The lilacs show the sun's power in bursting buds and each morning I look to see how near are the first sweet blooms. With the Arboretum lilac surprises to come, I suspect the bloom season will be a long one.

A rather overlooked shrub, *Spiræa arguta* (it has no "common" name, I believe), sometimes wakes up at the end of April. It is sure to bloom showily very early in May, and why more folks haven't found out what a lovely white bloom-fountain it is, I do not know. It can properly be considered as opening the spring season of shrubby spireas, to be followed by the well-known Van Houttei, and then—at fortunate Breeze Hill—by one of Wilson's fine Chinese discoveries, *Spiræa Henryi*, with its abundant creamy white blooms.

April is a daffodil month in this garden. Beginning with Golden Spur, there follow Emperor and Empress, the charming jonquil and the double Von Sion. Other and finer sorts are to bloom this year, and I am hopeful of getting fully settled in my own knowledge the definite classes of this charming family, of which most garden-lovers know all too little. The sorts that give a range of

form and color and season are not at all necessarily expensive, as I found when I saw them in Mr. Hunt's great trial-garden last season. I have planted to naturalize the bulbs in several favorable places where they can fight the grass at their pleasure, and appear incidentally in it in later years. It is evident that the narcissi are to be pleasing features of this growing garden, unless all signs fail. The driveway crescent border glows now in Emperor, with here and there the dainty Rugulosus. This crescent must always glow, if I can so manage.

If there is anything more worth getting wet in than a warm April rain, I do not know about it. It is quite comfortable, thank you, to the normal outdoor human, and it is seemingly exciting to most plant growth. I have been standing under the big Norway maple at the west end of the formal garden, seeing things happen, and inhaling the intensified sweetness that this sort of shower brings out. The maple blooms overhead literally drip fragrance, and wherever in the borders the dainty arabis is planted, there is a spot of white, faintly odorous. The yellow perennial alyssum is like a spot of sunshine in the rain, while the bells of the convallaria—a name so much easier to say than lily-of-the-valley!—have each a crystal

hanging from them. My pet weed, the columbine --and I will explain this later—is just making its bow, and the rain causes interesting action in such of its flowers as are opening.

Planting there has been, all April; but there are also some results, and the garden is very much alive as May days impend. The table has had its first asparagus, and the forced rhubarb-stalks, forced as I have previously noted, in total darkness, are delicious. There is for the eye and for the nostrils a feast now spread, and the palate has its pleasures as well. All is right with the season and the growing garden.

PLATE XI. "In a warm April rain . . . under the Norway maple at the west end." (See page 67.

CHAPTER V—MAY

SPRING BUDS AND BLOOMS

IF I could readjust the calendar, May would have at least fifty days, without abstracting any of them from the April that makes May possible or from the June into which it matures. Many outdoor folks would agree with me that we could spare enough days out of February and early March to stretch May several weeks.

It is not the work to do and the beauty of the garden to see that is the main motive for this greedy desire. Before I had a growing garden of my own, I spent much of May in God's greater garden, seeing the happenings of that annual resurrection that ought to put faith into anyone. Now that there is much to keep me at Breeze Hill, I am not so free for the woods; yet they call me more than ever.

I want to see the great fiddle-heads of the cinnamon ferns do again what I have often seen them do. I long for the hillside dotted with redbud and dogwood. The wild phlox, the mertensia, the "Dutchman's breeches," the May apple,—how

can I stay away from their annual reception, to which I have long had a standing invitation? Who is to give to the sermons of Jack-in-the-pulpit the cheerful attention he expects of me? That spring mist of indescribable color that clothes the oak trees; those fascinating flowers on the shagbark hickory; the opening of the box-elder's blooms—all these call me. The myriad sights of the May awakening mean much to me, and I would have advantage in a dual existence, or in an extended month, so that I might have the wild beauty of the hillside and the woods no less because I am working into shape my growing garden.

Yet I can have some of both. In "Lovers' Lane," hedged with great arborvitæs, shaded from the ardent sun, no exotics, no garden shrubs, may grow. Here I have been locating the plants I love, and which I take, reverently, carefully, decently, from the wild. When the call of the woods is no longer to be denied, old "Tom" is hitched up; boxes, papers and trowels are provided, and with my life-partner, who is nearly as fond of these nature-jewels as I am, I drive to certain favored haunts. Awhile we look, and listen, and inhale, and visit, joyously greeting our old friends all made fresh and new in God's spring providence; and then some plants are selected, lifted with the

greatest care to take all their roots, quickly wrapped or packed away to avoid distresses to them; and we turn homeward in time to have these visitors bedded before sundown into a better place than that from which they came, if possible. It has long been my pride that no one shall see where I have thus lifted plants; for I thin out only, and do not exterminate.

Although most of these my wild plant friends stay with me, and joyfully increase in Lovers' Lane, I confess to a feeling of desecration as I thus take from nature's garden. Yet I know that I leave that garden no worse, and sometimes better; for I return again, and see that the thinning-out process has been beneficial.

Last May I heard of a great showing of the lovely wild *Cypripedium acaule*, or pink moccasin-flower, in a valley some miles away. A friend's automobile took me to the wonderful sight of hundreds of these woods aristocrats in full flower. It was a sad sight, too; for the forest that had sheltered them had been cut off, and this was their last brave blooming. The sun would soon bake their tender roots, and another season only the strongest would make a faint showing. So I dug them liberally, carefully, and in sorrow; for I was not, and am not, at all certain that they will live

in the shady corners at Breeze Hill to which in a few hours they were transplanted. But I have done my best to save for remembrance some, at least, of this finest of Pennsylvania orchids. At Eagles Mere I am sure of it, at all events.

Those five distinctive horse-chestnuts that guard the Breeze Hill home, of the tree-doctoring of which I have written, are now in their great glory of bloom. I wish I knew how to picture in words the detailed loveliness of the horse-chestnut's foot-long panicle, made up of flowers of complex form and dainty coloring. With the liriodendron or tulip, this tree may well be said to make blooms as fine as any orchid.

In Lovers' Lane the conditions are not yet ideal. The hardships to which the great arborvitæs that inclose it were subjected before I came to own the place, have caused many of them to die. Four Norway maples had grown up in their very midst, crowding out the evergreens, and sucking dry the soil around those that survived. Two of the maples I have cut down and cut out, and their numerous progeny of husky seedlings I have pulled out.

At the worst breaks in the hedges, I have planted native rhododendrons—after repeated failures in the endeavor to have replacing arborvitæs

PLATE XII. "The loveliness of the horse-chestnut's foot-long panicle." (See page 72.)

live. To give these rhododendrons a reasonable chance, a trench two and a half feet deep was dug, close up to the intruding maples. Next the maples one trench was lined with heavy slates on one side, and in the other a cement-mortar brick wall was built, to keep out the hungry maple roots. Then these great and noble rhododendrons from the mountains were planted thickly in precious leaf-mold, better than that they came out of. A foot-deep mulch of leaves was put over the filled trench, and the hose turned in for hours.

The rhododendrons have said "Thank you," and have gone right on blooming and growing, giving me a bit of the wild glory of the hills in June, and all the time the lovely greenery of their leaves. I have watched and watered and mulched them continually. Whenever in the days above freezing temperature their leaves droop, it is a pathetic request for a drink, and I hear, heed and water.

Along the border are the wild children of the woods. As I cannot possibly fill it all in one season—nor do I want to—the wild blue violet has been permitted to spread. It will grow in any soil, and soon possess the neighborhood, if one is not ruthless and careful. But it is a wonderful sight these May days to see the thousands of its

blooms, in all shades of blue and violet, uplifted to the light.

Of other friends of the great Pennsylvania forest floor I have many. In April, as I have said, came hepatica and bloodroot and others of the earliest. May gives us weeks of the dainty mertensia, with its sky-blue pink-edged nodding bells, and its broad leaves that vanish utterly before midsummer. Spring beauty, *Phlox divaricata*, tiarella, rue anemone, Jack-in-the-pulpit, uvularia, two of the cypripediums, several trilliums—all these come in due time, and to our great pleasure. The wild columbine is naturalized and happy at the southeast corner, and a wealth of bloom is seen for weeks. From these plants are grown the "weed" columbines I am to tell of later.

In other borders, on the cool north sides of hedges, are growing ferns from the woods of Eagles Mere, and the up-standing white baneberry annually shows us a marvel of stem color. Some things I can't make stay—the cardinal flower, the "showy orchis" that is never showy but always lovely, the calopogon that I really want;—these are not yet at home for me. But I have scores of little laurels and rhododendrons, and some mighty nice small hemlocks and pines, that are quite "comfy," and show it. One old veteran of a yew—the pic-

turesque low-growing American yew, that one of my mountain friends calls the "fruiting hemlock" because of its clear carmine berries—came to me on a forlorn hope with some rhododendrons, and it is flourishing in the proper shady spot.

For three years I have been trying to make comfortable several clumps of the checkerberry, or Mitchella, so common in Pennsylvania forests, but nearly as hard to successfully naturalize as the trailing arbutus. I had it actually growing and blooming in a certain spot, until an Italian laborer with more muscle than mind weeded it out one day. I weeded him out in a hurry, and then rescued the Mitchella; but neither that nor other clumps have seemed really satisfied.

A great advantage of this old place in which I am growing a garden is its variety of exposures and facings, as well as its interesting vistas. I have previously mentioned the potential bigness of this two acres, and I am realizing it more all the planting and growing time. Does a shrub or plant need full sunshine to the east, to the south, to the west? It can be accommodated. Is a cool, northern shaded corner requisite? It is here. Must the plant have shelter from the wind? We have it. Is a half-shaded warm southern exposure desirable? No trouble at all!

So there is great pleasure in selecting the right place, either at first or when lack of prosperity in growth has shown the need of a move. Such moves are made any time the ground is not deeply frozen, or too wet, and without relation to leafage, blooming or fruiting; for with the taking of trouble enough, as I have previously said, anything can be moved at any time. Now it is not trouble, but pleasure, when a growing young plant is to be more favorably located, to first prepare the hole to receive it; then with two spades to get all around the plant where it is, deftly loosening and lifting it without baring a root; and then to promptly and gently drop it in the more comfortable location, where with firming and watering and shading—if needed—it goes right along without check.

May is the month when fruit flowers shame the purely ornamental part of the garden. The apricot and some of the plums have found the last April days favorable for opening their blossoms, but it is in the first May week here that they give us the best of the first and finest fruit feast—that of the eyes. The cherries and the peaches are great globes of bloom, and they are just about shaking their snowy and pink petals to the ground when the apples begin to open.

PLATE XIII. "The apple blooms . . . the spraying game." (I) Not open; too soon. (II) Wide open, not fertilized; too soon. (III) Calyx open and relaxed; just right for spraying. (IV) Calyx yet open; still right. (See page 77.)

With these dwarf apple trees at Breeze Hill, the whole of the picture is in sight, and a lovely picture it is! A "near-apple," otherwise one of the crab-apple family, known as *Pyrus* or *Malus floribunda*, is the especial and exquisite beauty of them all. Wholly covered with buds that swell and swell into red ovals, there comes a day when these ovals burst into a pink bloom that is astonishing in its combination of flamboyance and delicacy.

The apple blooms on the espalier have given this year a chance to really get wise to the spraying game. A friendly fruit-sharp has suggested that we watch and picture the various stages, and it has been done. See the cluster of blooms only partly open; no poison for the mean little caterpillar that grows into the codlin-moth could penetrate. Even the wide-open cluster is not right, for the fertilization is not complete, and the stamens crowd closely upon the pistils, closing up the heart of the flower that is to be the heart of the fruit. But when the winds have blown the flowers about, and the bees have had their fill of the sweetness, incidentally brushing the pollen on to the waiting stigmas; when the petals, no longer useful in color and odor to advertise the honey that is to pay the bee for his help, have just fallen; when the calyx is open and relaxed, and the heart of the flower-

that-is-and-apple-that-is-to-be is open, *then* is the time that the waiting caterpillar stealthily crawls into that calyx to live there as the fruit grows, unless the careful sprayer has driven into this open calyx the lead-arsenate mist that will make the little worm's first meal his last one. A little later, the calyx will have closed upon the fertilized ovaries, and if no poison has met the worm, he is sheltered and fed at your apple-expense.

To make sure, I have sprayed before the blossoms open, in order to protect generally and to catch any stray bugs that eat or scales that suck; and again at the critical time after the blossoms have fallen and while the calyx is open, so as to both poison and protect. The first spray was a fine, covering mist, from at least two sides, to reach every part. The next, and the vital application, is with a coarser spray, to get right into the calyces where Mr. Caterpillar is or is going to be waiting. For both sprayings I use commercial lime-sulphur, with lead arsenate stirred in at the rate of three-fourths of an ounce to a gallon of the nine-to-one solution, which is a generous equivalent to four pounds to the hundred gallons (the hundred-gallon prescription is alarming; how would a plain gardenman get away with two barrels of this stuff?).

Here I have to be tedious again, in insisting that this spraying operation is necessary unless I am to be willing to run a moth-breeding and bug-feeding fruit-garden; that it must be done at the right time and with much care to get a lime-sulphur-arsenate film over every part of every tree and into the heart of every past-blossom; and that to do this the mixing and filtering of the stuff must be managed about as if I was getting a baby's milk ready. No "rough-neck" operators will protect an orchard. It isn't so much trouble, after all, especially after I have discovered that it is a positive "must" operation.

After spraying, it is a relief to turn into the May garden. These stone steps, alight with the lovely blue periwinkle flowers that we miscall "myrtle" and that are really *Vinca minor*, remind me of a failure and a success, the telling of which will give time for the lime-sulphur smell to evaporate. I saw a similar stone step covered luxuriantly with the glossy foliage of the Wichuraiana rose, and immediately ordered such roses for the home steps. They came, were planted in the shade, between the roots of two hemlocks at the top of the steps where they had no business to be; grew a little, climbed a little, trailed not at all, and next year bloomed into *pink* Lady Gay roses, not white

single Wichuraianas. Of course I scolded the nurseryman; but I saw that no roses would ever luxuriate in the dry shade of the location.

The next spring I went over Memorial Day to loved Eagles Mere of the mountains. There I found under some old gum trees a mass of the periwinkle—evidently spread from some chance plant brought in by a cottager, as it is a native of Europe and not of America. Some plants were lifted with care, and with even more care were on my return set in little pockets along those stone steps. Instead of just planting them along the slope, I gouged out a rather deep hole, filled it with rich soil, and planted the myrtle so that each plant was in the depression or recess into which would run any rain falling along the slope. The plants got busy at once, grew, spread as is their wont, and have made a rich evergreen mat, far finer than any grass I could have grown here, and much better than the rose I started for.

But once down the steps, I turn aside from Lovers' Lane after another glimpse at the violets and trilliums just under the edge of the rhododendrons, and pause a moment to get more pleasure out of the Thunberg barberry hedge, now in bloom. The lovely arching sprays of foliage in a half-dozen shades of green are enough in them-

PLATE XIV. "The axis walk a wonder of bloom and foliage . . . always a picture vista." (See page 82.)

selves to make me glad for this hedge, but now the long rows of pleasing little yellow flowers, hanging like bells under the twigs, strengthen my belief that this is a very worth-while shrub. It is plenty good enough as a hedge, for no mortal wearing trousers or skirt can get through it with clothing whole; it runs a veritable gamut of greens in earliest spring, and these dainty flowers follow; its berries come soon, and red, and stay red for all the fall and winter months; its foliage blazes early into reds and crimsons, long before frost; and after frost has taken the leaves, raindrops hang in tears from the red berries; while the soft snows and the sleet-storms do wonders with it all winter. It has no off days the whole year round.

Here at the garden entrance stands that *Pyrus floribunda* I have mentioned, and not far from it the also previously mentioned *Spiræa arguta* is yet a white fountain of spraying branches—for it ties April into May in some seasons.

We walk into the garden along the iris border, now a mass of purple. What a hardy, hearty thing is this common "blue flag," the German iris! Growing almost anywhere in any soil, it is pleasantly formal when out of flower, and gorgeously informal when in bloom. I use it harshly, perhaps, fitting and filling with it, giving away

great clumps continually; adding varieties of greater delicacy from time to time; but all the while reveling in this fine, even if common, old friend of my boyhood. This same friend has, with the broad-leaved funkia, made part of the axis walk a present wonder of bloom and foliage. That same walk is always a picture vista.

To the left the great old lilacs are now in their flower glory, and they fairly hum with busy bees. I have been giving loving care to the old plants, and they are responding. The finer varieties will never "touch the spot" like this common "lay-lock" of the countryside.

Off to the east the strawberries are in full bloom; and if we didn't think of the luscious fruit to follow, we would better realize that as a flowering plant this would be of real value. Later, another strawberry, one of my weed pets, will bloom in yellow, and follow with its scarlet fruits that are entirely boy-proof, because they are tasteless.

Not in this part of the garden, but over with the fruits and vegetables, there are during this late May two flower shows that are entirely extra, because the plantings were for food. The flesh food comes in due course, but the first crop is soul food, if I may so call a lovely flower display.

The blackberry canes, as I have before said, are

tied up to a wire trellis, in order that picking may be easier. Could any flowering shrub give a more gracious wealth of bloom than does now this same blackberry row? We should feel fully square with the plants if they did not follow with great clusters of glistening fruits in July.

The other extra and much more unexpected picture is made for us by the plentiful and dainty white flowers of First of All peas. Grown as an "eat" and not a sweet pea, it has nevertheless given us a brave and beautiful show. The yet bare trellis of the sweet-pea row indicates that the hardier vegetable has bloomed far ahead of its aristocratic sister.

The first dogwoods I planted are now "showing me," and I like to be shown by them! The red-buds associated with them are not so happy, for borers have killed one and choked another. Particularly have these sly creatures worked harm to the Japanese red-bud, a pet of mine.

Not very many shrubs bloom here in May. The fine *Spiræa Van Houttei* follows *S. arguta*, and *Deutzia gracilis*, the old "Bridal Wreath," is at its best, together with the lovely Lemoine variety. Van Houttei is most useful, because it will endure sun or shade, drought or dampness, slope or flat, blooming everywhere. Just before it, the other

important barberry I have—the common or "vulgaris"—blooms; and I'm glad when it is through flowering, for it has a bad breath. Of course the mock oranges are with us; and it is of possible interest to note that Breeze Hill has varieties of Philadelphus enough to give us more than a month of their fine blooms, not counting on the new Chinese sorts, yet unbloomed. Few garden-makers yet know what the mock oranges will do for them. A late visit to the Arnold Arboretum showed me, last year, what I might hope for.

In the Arboretum bed are a half-dozen new barberries from China, looking quite interesting, and one of them devilish, for it has thorns of steel an inch and more long. Here, too, is the earlier-mentioned *Spiræa Henryi*, one of Wilson's pets, delightful in its first bloom.

The herbaceous plants give life and light to the growing garden, into which we are constantly transplanting annuals and perennials these May days. Arabis, in the early weeks, is like a hold-over snow-drift, and the yellow alyssum is a real golden glow. Another note of yellow is sounded by the doronicum—I wish I had more of them. A biennial, the old-fashioned "honesty," planted in the fall, is for weeks a blaze of pink and magenta. The first of the peonies, the lovely tenuifolia,

PLATE XV. "A gracious wealth of bloom on . . . this same blackberry row." (See page 83.)

opens its crimson blooms in mid-May; I'm sorry it is so poor a grower!

I must not forget the tulips. Long since I gave up the growing of early tulips, concentrating on some worth-while later sorts. The enduring double tulips, Murillo and Le Matador, have ushered us into the west garden entrance in dignity, and later the brilliant Gesneriana and the superb pink and white Picotee have troubled us, because we want to cut them to give away, and we want them as well to stay to be seen! The Darwins are superb, in their stately habit, as well as in their surprising range of unusual and delightful colors. Bouton d'Or is an egg of yellow on a nodding stem of half a yard, and it is "some tulip." This year I am looking for the bloom of some specialties in the damask and old rug colors found in the Breeders and in some Darwins, and I have planted so as to get good contrasts—I hope!

There is a very fury of vegetable activity in May, both of planting and of growth. We keep putting in corn of our pet Bantam and Golden-rod sorts, beans for succession, both "string" and limas of pole and bush designations, spinach and "sich like." This year a number of experimental vegetables are being grown, about which I can write later. But one thing I need to say, and that is

that we have learned to be exceedingly cruel to the weeds; we kill them early and often, and the stirred ground is not allowed to feed their tiny roots.

In a north corner, in almost total shade, I planted last year a bush of the Carolina rhododendron sent me by my plant-friend Kelsey. It has bloomed this May, and it is most lovely, with its pinkish-white clusters of waxy flowers. It is a fine addition, from the Appalachian Mountains, to the rhododendron treasures of Breeze Hill.

Dahlias and cannas have been a resource of my garden, frost-tender though they are. Planted in May, both give from dormant roots a superb show of bloom in late summer and until frost. The loose-petaled "cactus" dahlias seem to me most attractive, and the cannas that have resulted from the patient life-work of my old friend Wintzer are superb, distinct, and of more garden-value than anything of Burbank's I have seen.

The last week of May has been for several years persuading us to revise the truism that June is the month of roses, in any exclusive sense. "Decoration Day" finds many mid-Pennsylvania gardens ablaze with the bloom of the queen of flowers, and my garden is among them. We enter June, therefore, in that mood of mind which the scent of roses alone can produce.

CHAPTER VI—JUNE

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS

THE beginning of the mid-year month has two high points in my growing garden. One is a point of roses; the other of strawberries.

We were shown, several years ago, how strawberries may mean quite as much as roses. It was when we took up residence at Breeze Hill, the mansion-house still in the hands of the lingering mechanics. The "flitting"—that is, the final cutting off from the old city-street home—took place on the first day of June. All day the wagons had passed between the two houses, the mile of separation being doubled by the muddy roads. It was a weary couple who fronted the last load of final odds and ends, gathered up before the key was turned on the home that had been ours for more than eighteen years, and the old horse that drew us also seemed weary. Thoughtful for the morrow's breakfast, the good wife had me stop *en route* and buy some strawberries offered on a street stand. Jogging along, tired, a little "blue" from overdoing, we wondered as to the future in a new

home, which at that moment seemed notable principally for the inconvenience of its approaches. As we turned into "Lovers' Lane," then an unkempt driveway, and came in sight of the west house-door, our neighbor, Mr. H.,—whose father had built, thirty-five years before, the old house we were now to live in,—stepped out of the path to his home, and held up his hand to stop us. Then, saying "Welcome!" he handed me a box of strawberries, just picked, apologizing that they were not larger, and telling us they were the first of the season from his plants.

Not larger! Why, there were but sixteen berries in the heaped-up quart of ruddy scarlet, dressed with fresh, soft foliage! And each one was more than a strawberry—it was an event! The volume of kindliness and friendly courtesy crowded into that quart box could never be measured in cubic contents; it was beyond any material dimension.

Of course the sun shone for us instantly, despite the impending rain. Smiles broke out as we thanked this real neighbor for more than he ever knew that he gave, fine though his giving was. Blithely we unloaded the wagon; cheerily we took our way into the yet unordered new home. The evening was rose-colored; the blues had vanished; Breeze Hill was "all right!"

PLATE XVI. Leuchstern rose: . . . . "its bloom has been copious, exquisite, enduring." (See page 91.)

All through the evening meal we gazed at those strawberries. They were entirely too good to eat, and no sheaf of American Beauty roses could have meant so much. The next morning they were partaken of by all the family in a sort of reverent pledge, as a very definite good omen, as a promise for the future of good—spiritual as well as material—from the garden, and of good will from our neighbor.

That second day gave the rose high-point. In my goings-about on the place previous to actual living there, I had always to be concerned with the doings of mechanics. Lines for grading, and the general scheme for the garden, had been worked out on the place, yet mostly a mass of debris, weeds, brush, decrepit grape-vines, and dead pear trees. I thought I knew all about the growth, however; wherefore my surprise may be imagined when, on this second June day, the daughter of the house came in, saying, "Did you see the rose-garden?"

No, I had *not* seen the rose-garden; and was not she joking? She waved in my direction a great, full flower, assuredly not a joke, and led me to it—the rose-garden! In a corner east of the great sycamore, quite concealed from the house, and seemingly so shaded as to be all wrong for

roses, there was an irregular-shaped bed, solid with old-fashioned roses, and just then breaking into a perfect glory of bloom. One "General Jacq." there was, to my recognition; but the remainder were of sorts I knew nothing of. Ragged, tangled, thorny, overgrown, there was yet a mass of wild loveliness that was as delightful as it was surprising. Thus came the second "Welcome," without words, but speaking to us that which words could not compass.

Inquiry developed that these roses had been planted more than twenty-five years before, and no inquiry was needed to show the neglect through which they had survived. Since then, that bed of old roses, in that impossibly shady nook, has had abundant care, and it is made over. Each year great canes grow up, bearing in the June-time rich clusters of musky fragrance, in our old-fashioned rose-garden.

Conditions and preferences have united to give the rose a dominating place in this growing garden. I have mentioned the regret with which I gave up the idea of a rose-hedge, consoling myself with an inside hedge about a hundred feet long, and an arbor for climbers to weave upon, as well as with various beds and borders for the hybrid teas, polyanthas and other favorites.

This raw, red, unfertile-looking shale seems to have in it something besides the liberally added manure that roses like, to judge by the growing that the climbers have done. When I look at the photographic record of the bare rose-arbor, made in September of the year we moved in, and then at another photograph made in June of the second year after, I can hardly believe what I see. And when I remember that the awful ten-below-zero winds of the next winter cut those roses down almost to the ground, the way they got busy and re-covered the arbor in one season seems also unbelievable. Lady Gay, Hiawatha, W. C. Egan, and Alberic Barbier are the names of the sisterhood of sturdy loveliness that have done this great growing and blooming.

Leuchstern, at the eastern front of the arbor, has not grown so vigorously, but its bloom has been so copious, so exquisite, so enduring, each year, that I cannot ask more of it. Clusters that in substance and coloration surpass the rhododendrons they resemble stay in perfection through almost two weeks, after they have been as fine as any ordinary rose for many days.

My wife and I are divided as to which of the two dominant roses of the long hedge are most impressive. Both are, probably; the Climbing

American Beauty for its size, color, form and mass of bloom, and the Tausendschön for its daintiness and variety in pink and white, as well as for its marvelous clusters. It was this "Thousand Beauties" rose that started the idea of the particular sort of rose-hedge I have worked out. At first the supporting wires were less than three feet from the ground, but my rose friend Robert Pyle told me, after his memorable rose-summer in Europe, that Tausendschön did best at its German home when its graceful branches might droop their flower-laden length from a high post. Promptly I set up a proper post for the rose; and then, for symmetry's sake, did the same at five other points. All the roses were viciously thorny, save only Tausendschön; and when I tied them up that winter, I saw that more spread was needed, if only to give chance to avoid thorns. So I bought brass chain, and looped it from each post summit to a proper point on the hedge wire to give a graceful slope, after which, and all through one season, the roses were trained into and along this weathered chain and the space below it. The next season showed the effectiveness of the plan, for the blooming result was most beautiful.

Near the Tausendschön, another plant of Alberic Barbier had been set. It has worked all through

PLATE XVII. The rose hedge in June: Lady Gay on left, Climbing American Beauty on right.
(See page 93.)

its neighbor and into the scheme admirably, for its creamy buds come almost with the rose of ten hundred beauties, and its darkly glossy foliage helps the mass effect.

Coming later than Climbing American Beauty, and at another opening in the hedge, American Pillar has developed into a magnificent plant, which covers itself with great single flowers that range from vivid carmine to a clean pale pink, and that last long in loveliness. A White Dorothy has arched with it, and Mrs. Flight, really a pink rambler, blooms into the same mass. California has nothing on Breeze Hill in rose masses or rose effect during most of June!

Opposite Climbing American Beauty is a great Lady Gay, but this rose is really here quite unladylike in its disposition. It seems to be a mildew-inviter, and my sprayings with potassium sulphide in the accepted English method do not seem to keep the Lady in good health. This means that I shall have to substitute another rose for this or any other climber that has a predisposition for mildew.

Another climbing rose is "up and coming" in my garden. It is Excelsa, as truly American as the one with the Beauty name or as the Pillar sort. Its raiser, Mr. Walsh, is a much more useful

"wizard" than Burbank, for his roses prove out their quality, distinction and sturdiness over a wide range. This Excelsa is a curious red. At first it seems rather pale, but all at once you realize its brilliance, and then its complete superiority to Crimson Rambler, the first of this type. Excelsa is a wonderful grower, and it has no penchant for mildew. Moreover, it blooms late; in a north exposure on our front lawn was fine last year in early July. (See frontispiece.)

When I send my memory back to the old home garden of thirty years ago, where Baltimore Belle and Prairie Queen were about the only hardy climbers, I see that we do much better with these lovely roses of now, giving us variety in habit, form and color, fragrance and foliage. To be sure, we might have an everblooming climber; but did you ever think, Mr. Wishful Rosarian, that when that desired everbloomer comes, it will not have the great and glorious burst of bloom that characterizes these of June fullness?

At the very beginning of the month, and indeed coming over from May, were shown in this garden the fine "rugosa hybrids," as are called those bred between that Japanese rose and certain favorites. Of them Agnes Emily Carman (what an overload of name for one rose!) was notable because its

crimson blooms hung down to certain Felix Crousse peonies, matching almost precisely their bright hue. Nova Zembla was dainty in pink, and Mad. Georges Bruant pure in white; and all of them, strong, sturdy and with rich foliage, able to stand the hot afternoon sun in which they must open here. It is in this race that we are to have the hardy everblooming bush roses, I believe.

The stately and full white Druschki, the continuously performing Teplitz and all the other worth-while hybrid teas, have made June a very vigorous rose month at Breeze Hill. I find that visitors are likely to think most of Climbing American Beauty, which is probably as it should be; for certainly Europe never sent us so fine a flower, so rich a color, so sturdy a grower. That Irish propagator, not at all a scientific sharp, but very much a loving worker in roses, who at West Chester brought into existence this best of red climbing roses, has done the north a real service. And his fame is not dependent on one rose; for Christine Wright is the name of his pink beauty, and Purity properly designates his exquisite white production, rivaling American Beauty in form and vigor.

But June is not all roses, by any means, in this growing garden. It is strawberries, as I have said,

and good strawberries, too. It is currants, and they are both big and good and worth while for their winter jam-possibilities. It is such peas as never came out of any market basket; for Gradus peas, plucked from the vines an hour before dinner, are not to be discussed in terms of ordinary vegetables. This shortened time between the plant and the table seems to mean that the ordinarily poor, smooth, extra-early peas may be delicious as were the First of All that were actually first of all, though planted second. They matured in sixty-one days from planting. Then came Gradus, and Little Marvel; but *not* then the hoped-for succession upon Mr. Kruhm's ingenious scheme. Thomas Laxton crept up on his date some, Potlatch forgot its cue, and made a false entry, while Telephone and Champion of England came in hand-in-hand, as it were, rather than tandem. There were peas galore for part of June, and even a pea-crank like myself is satisfied with peas *twice* a day; but by July first none were available. Six weeks of peas was the paper scheme; two weeks and a day or so over the ground production.

In June, red raspberries follow strawberries; and if a better raspberry than the old Cuthbert has appeared outside a catalogue, I don't know of it! My plants of the "everbearing" sort didn't

PLATE XVIII. "An ounce of Shirley poppy seed . . . sowed along an eighty-foot border . . . in mid-June came days of poppy glory." (See page 97.)

bear at all, so I have yet to get some knowledge of them. The fall-bearing strawberries—but wait till fall, please; this is not the place for that story.

The old part of this growing garden gave us sour cherries in abundance last year, and the good wife put some of them into that finest of winter table relishes, cherry "butter." I cannot describe it; there isn't any thing to compare its taste with; but when it comes on the table, that meal is an Occasion!

But enough of berries and peas and other flesh food; let me return to the real spirit of June, the flower spirit! Thrice I have had an over-winter poppy feast. An ounce of Shirley poppy seed, "diluted" with a pint of sifted soil, was sowed carefully about the second week in December along an eighty-foot border, next the barberry hedge. In May there was an hour of weeding, an hour of thinning; and in mid-June came days of poppy glory, with flowers of red and pink and white and salmon, all of the texture one might expect to find in a fairy's wings. Very early in the morning, before the sun was high enough to steam off the dewdrops, this border, with every flower fresh open, was something to thank God for! Forty cents' worth of seed, about four hours' work in all, for nearly fourteen days of generous bloom seemed

to me very much worth while. And the third time was even less labor and more bloom, for I omitted the sowing, and the flowers that came anyway used some of the manure dug into that border after the poppy time to double their size. They were entirely volunteers, and seemingly with spirit accordingly, in contrast to the conscription of prosaic seed sowing.

At a right angle to the poppy border, and also along the barberry hedge, a long planting of sweet william has been a lovely June feature. Even if it didn't bloom at all, this old favorite would be desirable because it is such a cheerful and convenient ground cover, standing more shade than is reasonable. I am this year trying it out in separate colors, but I may be disappointed in the bloom effect—can any flower mass show more richness than a good mixed strain of this dianthus?

Breeze Hill does not as yet boast of a really good peony garden. The reason is purely financial; for I find I have a troublesomely expensive taste in peonies. I had an idea that all these more expensive sorts, of the noted growers, represented principally the fancier's taste. I was "shown," and by myself! One memorable June I went with several flower friends, one a language-slinging professor of horticulture in an eastern college, to visit Farr's great

six-acre peony gardens. Full of my idea, I proposed to my friends that we select, one after another, as we looked across the wonderful fields, the flowers that stood out as superior for some definite reason of form, color or bloom habit. Without looking at labels, we were then to walk to the selected plants, again discuss the "points," and if we agreed, we would find the label and record the name, also jotting down the reasons for our preferences.

We selected thus some fourteen sorts out of fully three hundred, wrote our memoranda, and then hunted up Mr. Farr. Whew! Several of the sorts were so rare as not yet to be in commerce, but the others could be had—at from one dollar to six dollars per plant! We had not cared for one of the old sorts, available at the lower prices. So, convinced that there is something in the fancier's selection, I'm rather waiting until these that I want are within reach. Meanwhile, some peonies are growing splendidly for me, and I have had time to note that they are of a settled disposition, preferring not to be often moved, and rewarding one for much nearby manure-food. Indeed, much food and water at right times will probably give my "common" sorts strong character and great beauty.

June is an iris month, too. Some of the German iris hang over from May—especially the blue-laced Madame Chereau, along the garden wall. The Spanish iris, loveliest of late-blooming fall-planted bulbs, gives a fine and a different show for little cost. It has some shadings of dull yellow, of smoky salmon, of "old gold" and light brown, that are singularly attractive, while its blues and whites and lemons are clean and clear. The English iris follow, with mostly blue shades, and the unique and delightful Japanese sorts carry over into July. The earlier-blooming Siberian iris seems rather weedy in this garden.

Herbaceous plants are in full evidence. The old-time valerian, or "vanilla," rears its stately blooms at the same time that the foxgloves are at their best—and a superb best! A garden without white foxgloves is weak. They stand up against the green of the arborvitæs in their old-fashioned way. Nearby a chance combination of *Campanula Medium* and the low red heuchera is so fine that it must occur again. There are blues in these campanulas, and in the beautiful stokesias and veronicas, but the delphinium blues are best of all.

The note of yellow in June is struck by the œnotheras, the "evening primroses," plants of vigor and beauty that may quickly become weeds.

PLATE XIX. Iris: "The unique and delightful Japanese sort."
(See page 100.)

Hemerocallis and coreopsis carry the same hue, while the lychnis touches the border with scarlet.

The lovely white *Lilium candidum* comes into full stateliness here past the middle of June, and is not merely desirable in itself, but because it lends light and contrast to anything near it. I want more; but it increases rather slowly. Not far away, and blooming about the same time, the long-spurred columbines are a great pleasure. The Boston strain I have grown gives colors so soft and refined that the bed of them has the same effect of richness that one sees in those flowers of wool that the old eastern devotees created in a prayer-rug. These columbines last long, too; for many weeks there will be flowers in abundance.

I am fond of gladioli, but have had to plant them very late to avoid the vacation weeks. Loving this growing garden as we do, we cannot quite stay away from Eagles Mere, our Pennsylvania mountain summer home; wherefore there is needed especially careful planning and planting to give us September "posies," and not to have our favorites fall into flower in late July or August. I find that gladioli planted the last week in June come into bloom in September.

The cannas, planted early in the month, begin to grow vigorously as the ground gets thoroughly

warm. I have those wonderful "lily"-cannas originated by that cunning plant-worker, Antoine Wintzer, and they are worth having, assuredly.

June is surely a shrub month too! Greatest of all is the rhododendron, toward the end of the month, in its waxy elegance. Just ahead my few plants of the laurel—which is to be the national flower of America if my friend Henry Turner Bailey can have his wise way—give their corner a pink and white glow. They need, I observe, some sun to bloom well; the more complaisant rhododendron will illumine almost total shade with its blooms. Both must have leaf-mulch about their roots to prosper here, and the hose has soaked those roots several times in June.

The later lilacs and mock oranges are to be seen, and the weigelas and spireas. Of the latter, the new Chinese sort, *Spiræa Henryi*, previously mentioned, has bloomed, this month, in a most distinct and attractive way, and is undoubtedly a really valuable addition.

I am especially proud of a lovely *Styrax japonica* that is growing freely, and blooming its dainty bells as it grows; for it is one of the overlooked shrubs. It flourishes here in a half-shaded corner, somewhat sheltered from the cruel west wind.

Not to specifically mention one mock orange, *Philadelphus Lemoinei* var. Avalanche, would be unjust to it and to my garden friends. It is one of the sorts "made in France," but from two American species, by the patient wonder-worker at Nancy. The name "Avalanche" describes it fully; it is a snowstorm, a cascade of white flowers for two weeks. There are other of these Lemoine mock-oranges coming along, extending the season and showing desirable variations in size and form of flower. I am inclined to believe that a proper selection of the Philadelphuses will give more delightful and fragrant white flowers in early summer than most planters suspect.

The Japanese honeysuckle is a weed in the neighborhood of Breeze Hill, having evidently "escaped" years ago. One great specimen has flung its persistent branches and tendrils over a nearly rotten tree-stump right at the carriage stone, and it has been most of June almost intoxicating both to the eye and the nose. I have propped the old stump, and pruned the old honeysuckle, hoping to have both last long. Along the curved Hillside Road front of the Breeze Hill boundary, outside, this same honeysuckle has made green and lovely a rough shale slope.

The garden is an exacting mistress in June, and

sometimes when I straighten my aching back, and drop the hoe or the hose, I wish I might be visiting it rather than working in it. And I note its deficiencies and failures and difficulties all too clearly, I suppose, inasmuch as visitors pass them by, either from charity or ignorance, or both. But when I look about and see it grow under my unacquainted hands; when I have the fine pleasure each morning of seeing what God's way in a garden is, in the birth of some jewel of his over night; when I inhale the fragrant breath of the new-mown lawn, or get at even the soft incense that only then arises from the ground; then I know that the work is all profit, and the weariness a trifle. I am in, and of, a growing garden!

PLATE XX. "The Japanese honeysuckle . . . has flung its branches and tendrils over a tree-stump." (See page 103.)

CHAPTER VII—JULY

THE FEAST OF VEGETABLES

"AND the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; . . . and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." So runs the story of the first garden on this earth, which I here transcribe to call attention to the order of importance attached to its product. "Pleasant to the sight"—that came first in a garden—and then "good for food." Man was to have his garden, if he followed the example of the Creator, first a delight to see, and then productive of the necessaries of life.

If any authority were needed for treating of flowers first in my growing garden, it would thus be easy to cite. I do cite it, however, not merely to put food in its proper relation, but to put it in at all. Many who think they love gardens affect to despise the vegetables and the fruits, and thus miss the completeness that God's garden predicated, both in beauty and in usefulness.

In a notable way, and with an enlarged vision,

both eye and appetite may be served simultaneously. A garden of vegetables is to me a beautiful thing, if it is a good garden. The tendrils of the pea that is sweet to the taste are as daintily clinging, and as I have before said and shown, its flowers are but less conspicuous than those of the pea that is wholly ornamental. Few plants in the flower border produce foliage so delicately cut or so decorative in greenery as that of the carrot. Yellow beans are handsome as they hang from well-grown plants, and a row or a field of celery is a pleasing sight. Well-trained tomato plants, hung with red fruits, are brilliantly decorative, and peppers are as much so. And what exotic even approaches the stately tropical beauty of maize, or corn; what sight in any flower garden, or what scent, surpasses the sight and the scent of that same corn as the morning breeze of a warm summer day plays over it?

I have stoutly maintained that from the appearance standpoint I have a complete right to mix my plantings of vegetables and flowers and fruits, if I like. So parsley has, in my growing garden, edged a border, and lettuce as well; so the prize row of sweet peas ran next a row of grape-vines one year; so the cosmos succeeded and supplemented the foliage of the asparagus border; so my

pet poppy bed of four-score feet has been close to a planting of potatoes.

Alas, the potato! Writing the word brings mournful memory of my repeated and increasingly disastrous potato failures. The first spring at Breeze Hill potatoes were planted as a matter of course, and a moderate crop secured. The second season they were planted as a matter of winter food; more of them, in better ground; but the bugs, allowed to get a start, made the result mediocre. The third season I took much trouble to see to it that conditions were right, as I thought, for a model potato crop. The early showing was most good-looking and promising, being seemingly about ideal. Bugs came, but were promptly picked or poisoned. Then suddenly the blight descended, and just wiped out that potato patch, despite frantic spraying.

Last season, my combativeness aroused, I took every possible precaution in preparing to grow a small area of potatoes on the intensive plan. Fresh ground, the best on the place, subsoiled with dynamite; an approved chemical fertilizer; selected seed, carefully cut; planting of the most painstaking character. All these, and then opportune rains to start the tubers—but they didn't start to any reasonable extent. The vacant spaces were

replanted with seed soaked in formalin to ward off "scab," and as any foliage got four or five inches high it was sprayed and sprayed and sprayed. Bugs? They never had a chance! Weeds? Neither did they have any peace in which to start or to grow. But eventual potatoes? Not so many as went into the ground as seed, alas!

Of course I have not lacked the telling why, from many wiseacres. Ground too rich, ground too poor; fertilizer should have been strewn to the left instead of the right; planted in the wrong aspect of the moon; they were grown flat, they were hilled too much; too much cultivating, too much spraying—and so on. But when the conditions were carefully detailed to a competent Cornell professor, he frankly said he didn't know why, except that none of the reasons I have mentioned were effective.

This year I am growing my potatoes somewhere else, with plain "greenback" fertilizer, permitting some one else to do the spraying and the "bugging." I have planted a row of one of the very early sorts, in the hope that such a little bit of a planting may miss the blight patrols, and allow us to have for the July table those smooth little tubers, half-grown, that are a delicacy rather than a food staple.

PLATE XXI. "A garden of vegetables is a beautiful thing, if it is a good garden." (See page 106.)

Really, the title of this chapter is inaccurate, for we do not have in July a "feast" of vegetables in the sense of variety—that comes in September, after we are home from Eagles Mere, and when some weeks of hotel eating, with the can-opener working overtime, have prepared us to appreciate the fresh delights of our home garden. Yet July is a feast month for vegetables, because it opens the season for several that we like. The first "string" beans—so called, I presume, because we wouldn't touch them if they weren't entirely stringless!—are now available, and are good to eat; very good. Always we grow too many of them, and give away too few, so that there is a waste of good food. Why could I hand my friend a good cigar—if I used the dead things myself!—with assurance of his courteous acceptance, and be afraid to send him enough crisp yellow beans to give him and his family a vegetable treat they can not obtain for themselves in any market? His wife will eat contentedly of a box of candy on the living-room table when she calls, but might entertain the suspicion that we were considering her an object of charity if we offered her a bunch of fresh, crisp radishes, ten minutes out of the ground. Something is wrong in our sense of proportion, I think. Perhaps I shall acquire courage eventually,

to contribute surplus vegetables to the tables of my friends, just as I now gladly cut for them the more difficult flowers which they as gladly carry away.

In the garden of my boyhood home there was a tradition that "roasting ears" of sweet corn—which were never roasted—might be had by July fourth, to celebrate Independence Day. Sweet corn by name, but not by nature, is in the markets here in early July, but the real thing does not happen often before mid-month. One year I hurried up some corn grains in pots by planting them in my good neighbor's greenhouse, and visions of early maturity possessed me, notwithstanding a wiseacre statement that corn could not be transplanted. It *was* transplanted, when the ground was of a kindly temperature, and it grew. But strange to say, the outdoor-sown first planting of the same sort grew faster, much faster; and yet stranger to say, the poor-growing early transplanted corn formed ears sooner, and did give us our first taste about five days ahead of the far lustier natural planting!

That first taste of Golden Bantam corn—how sweet, how toothsome, how entirely delicious! That is, if it is picked in the home garden, not more than an hour before it makes its steaming

appearance upon the table; I am not referring to mere market or restaurant corn, such as gardenless unfortunates must put up with. The home-raised article pays more of the debt my garden owes me than any other of its productions, I am sure; and I am intending to have a large debit balance of that sort here, with these excellent yellow sorts maturing in succession. Goldenrod has been as delightful to eat, and somewhat more liberal in its production; but the very earliest must be the saucy Bantam.

During later July the bush lima beans come into sufficient size to be used, and they mark the second high point of garden reward for the month. Like sweet corn and peas, these beans lose flavor rapidly after they are picked, and we figure at Breeze Hill to have no advance gathering, but to hurry them from the plants through the kitchen to the table. Between the lima beans of any outrageous-priced metropolitan restaurant and these confections of my garden there is a difference as between a poor picture of a rose and the actual flower. There is a resemblance of appearance only, but not of satisfaction.

Why is it that some great restaurant in a great city does not specialize on fresh, really fresh, vegetables, well cooked, and not doped with sauces so

that one can notice little difference between peas and potatoes? The existing exalted prices might even be increased, if there was the intention to produce the article, so far as it could be produced. The prevailing idea of the restaurateurs seems to be to make vegetables so undesirable in taste, and so costly in money, that they will entirely give way to flesh foods. Of course, in this unwarranted observation I am referring only to the grosser and transportable vegetables like some beans, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes and the like, and not to the higher literature, so to speak, of evanescently flavored peas, beans, corn and some others—they belong only to the actual gardeners, and are quite impossible to ordinary commerce.

Celery has proved to be one of the vegetables that find encouraging conditions in the rough shale of this garden. In this July month it is our custom to transplant several rows of the previously grown little "celeriets," and to watch them and to water them with the completest care until they are accustomed to the change and enjoying the hot sun. At first I had deep trenches dug, with the corresponding deeper soil preparation, so that the little plants were in a narrow valley until the laborious "earthing" later had leveled them. This

PLATE XXII. "Consider the hollyhock; how it grows!"
(See page 120.)

is no longer the plan pursued; for careful tests showed no superiority in the final product, and there was a deal of back-breaking labor required to do the filling properly. Hereafter I will use level culture altogether, with all the manure in the soil that will seem to mix with it. The little plants will be carefully sorted as to size, and as carefully trimmed in both root and top, so that the first hard days may not require so much water transpiration. If Jupiter Pluvius favors us with a convenient shower, that will prosper the planting; but *Aqua Susquehanniensis* applied through a hose and by way of the notable "lawn-mist" sprinkler, that makes water dust to float through the air to the ground, will do nearly as well. There are enough partly read daily newspapers to do any needed shading service for a day or so, and thus to justify themselves more completely of their lurid news, which won't hurt the celery!

July is a berry month here. The first days see the end of an abundant strawberry crop, usually, though last year those fall-bearers;—but there, I'm getting ahead of my story again! There have been more of those delicious Cuthbert raspberries, and a great crop of blackberries. Both the latter have done better, and are less cruel to the picker with their thorns, since I have tied them down

upon a simple wire trellis, about three feet high. In the Maytime, the blackberry row, which runs close to the barberry hedge, was, as I have pictured previously, a mass of white blossoms quite as decorative as anything planted primarily for decoration; and these great clusters of ripening fruit, set about with luxuriant foliage, now give a more colorful decoration.

The young bunches of grapes need bagging attention before mid-July. Each year convinces more completely of the value of inserting the cluster of little green globes into a grocer's two-pound bag, which is torn down at the top about an inch in two places, folded carefully over the bunch-carrying twig, and then pinned fast with two pins—brass pins if you are likely to get temper-ruffled at the prick of a rusty iron pin in the fall. The grapes are thus protected against bugs, birds and bipeds, at least partially; and they ripen more completely, have thinner skin, sweeter juice, and will keep many weeks longer.

The apricot tree, carefully sprayed, has given us some fine fruit this month, and that incidental mulberry has begun its rather long tour of fruiting duty. It has the pleasant way of ripening its berries in succession, so that about any time for a month I may be sure of finding them within reach

overhead in just the exact and spicily delicious state of pre-ripeness that I like. Above in the tree the birds see that none go to waste, but below many fall to the ground in that over-ripeness which has given the mulberry a poor reputation.

Writing of birds reminds me that last year the blackbirds, otherwise called the purple grackles, and more often and quite properly called a confounded nuisance, departed in a body on July first. Their absence is most gratifying; for their habits are not nice, their noise is most unmelodious, and their impudence quite aggravating. I have been awakened at three o'clock in the morning by the beginning of their squawking overture, the last notes of which had been heard long after sundown the night before. When hundreds have settled at once in the "front" horse-chestnut, the hose has been turned upon them, to their enjoyment; and a vicious-looking moving scarecrow in the big sycamore merely formed for them a satisfactory roost. My bird-friends, the inveterate Audubonists Mrs. Wright and Mr. Chapman, both recommend a shot-gun; but here my nerve fails!

These grackles have not been able either to scare away or starve out all the other and better birds. The many robins that have evidently con-

sidered this place home for a long time are quite able to hold their own against the glossy black noise-makers. The robins are extraordinarily tame, and build nests where they oughtn't to. One was in a corner of the rose-arbor, within easy reach, and where Mrs. Robin felt it at first necessary to get off her eggs and address remarks to me every time I walked through the arbor. She accepted me as part of the scenery, after a while, but flew and scolded for others. Another, even more daringly arranged her egg-home inside the big Climbing American Beauty rose, right at the sun-dial center of garden traffic, and she surely had an abundance of exercise while incubating, as visitors passed within three feet! Yet another concluded that the one suitable place for her family-rearing work was the branch of a Norway spruce overhanging the walk to the kitchen door along which passed the butcher, the baker, the ice-man and other service visitors. But, somehow, in God's bird providence, they all pulled through.

It is my good wife who is bird-wise, not I. She notes the first golden flash of the oriole, and sees the brown creeper and the nuthatch chase up and down the tree trunks. To my duller eyes she showed the brown thrasher, on his first melodious visit; but I didn't need her help to hear the flicker

PLATE XXIII. "At the beginning of the month the great rhododendron is in full bloom." (See page 117.)

set off his alarm-clock on the tin roof at 3.20 A.M. The rascal! He does it because he enjoys the fine effect he can thus produce as compared with his proper love-drumming upon a hollow tree. Our neighbor was completely taken in by this stylish fellow's rat-a-tat-tat at the same early hour. His wife heard what she supposed was an emergency knock at the door by someone who couldn't find the electric bell-button in the dim dawn, and she aroused her drowsy "hubby." Just as he reached consciousness, Mr. Flicker knocked again, and my friend, hastily opening the window, called out "Who's there?" which of course insured the silence of the tapping aviator. Grumblingly Mr. T—— repeated his query, adding a few somewhat inelegant remarks about anyone who would knock and not answer, before he again hit his pillow. It was later that day, upon comparing notes, that he learned just who his caller was, somewhat to his discomfiture.

All spring and summer the birds are a joy at Breeze Hill, which has evidently, by reason of its large trees, long been on the northern Riviera of the summer migration route. We are glad!

At the beginning of the month the great rhododendron—*Rhododendron maximum*—is in full bloom. With the particular and painstaking trans-

planting before described, I have been able to make this regal evergreen shrub feel very much at home at Breeze Hill. Would anyone suppose that these great plants had been only fifteen months away from the wild? And how they help in the working out of my picture vistas!

That worth-while hydrangea, the one with the portentous botanical cognomen of *H. arborescens* var. *grandiflora*, is in full flower in early July. It is far more graceful than the common paniculata grandiflora which has been so greatly overplanted in the United States, and blooms earlier. In a half-shady place where the morning sun reaches it, it grows rapidly and blooms superbly. "Hills of Snow" is one impossible "common" name it suffers under; and various nurserymen hitch various adjectives to it in addition. Sometimes it has the botanical name of *Hydrangea arborescens sterilis*, but according to Professor Sargent the grandiflora name is the proper one.

Name aside, it is a most excellent shrub, with many merits. I find that it resents full sun, and that with morning shade and afternoon sun it is quite uncomfortable. It will bloom and grow in nearly complete shade, though not so vigorously.

Some other early hydrangeas are in the Arboretum bed, and stray blooms suggest their value when

large enough to develop character. The lovely native radiata has flourished since I moved it from its place in the sun, giving its pleasing flowers in early July, and its more pleasing leaf show every time the breeze turned their silver under sides upward for a moment.

A July shrub notability in this part of the world is the bloom of the dwarf horse-chestnut—*Æsculus parviflora*. It is most striking and impressive, even on the little plant that took three years to start, and then astonished us this July.

Of the pink summer-blooming spireas, Anthony Waterer and Margaritæ are worth while, because they add color, while providing no such burst of bloom as do the spring-blooming varieties.

The sweet peas give us their opening effort right after July fourth. In the Breeze Hill years the results have been various, but never entirely bad. One year the two-foot trench, the rich soil, the trellis and the weather—especially the latter—were evidently quite pleasing to Madame Sweet Pea, for she came early and numerously, and stayed long with us. Of a July morning, before Old Sol had gotten into his full heat-stride, the mass of new-opened and really sweet pea-flowers was as showy as the June blackberry-row blossoms, and far more interesting in detail. These newer Spen-

cer sorts are wonderfully fine and large. As I have previously remarked, I now prefer more, of less sorts, rather than to grow many kinds.

We pick, and pick, and pick these sweet peas, knowing full well that they will give us more flowers if we take more, and fewer if we permit nature to quickly complete the reproductive cycle by making seeds. Yet they get away from us; for the bloom abundance is surprising.

I have tried to imitate the presumably perfect English methods by deep preparation, rich soil, plenty of water; and, after the plants are in bud, by a heavy mulch of dried grass to shade the soil and keep the roots cool. Yet before long the vines die out along the lower part, and the flowers soon dry up. What matter? We've had a perfect glory of bloom, and sweet peas galore have graced our home and the homes of our friends.

Consider the hollyhock; how it grows! It seems both to toil and to spin, and then in result to be clothed in a gorgeousness to which the Solomon's glory would be mere manufacture. It is called an "old-fashioned" flower, for some reason, as if there were any really new-fashioned flowers on this old earth; yet the hollyhocks of today are entirely "up-to-date" in clear color, fine form and in the plant's stately habit. It is the finest of the spire-

like plants of ready growth. My hollyhocks are all descended from one strain of seed sown five years ago, and not yet deteriorating. Some years the old plants seem intending to be perennial, but I am safe in sowing seed every year upon the basis of a biennial treatment of the hollyhock.

The "Shasta" daisy—a Burbanked form of the field daisy—is a fine July flower, which if often transplanted and divided, and given much manure and much water, will in reward produce a sheet of glorified blooms worth having. It holds the center of the garden stage in July, and it is supported by salpiglossis and other good annuals. About the same time Miss Petunia makes her bow, and a pleasant courtesy it is, repeated daily until Jack Frost stiffens her bloom muscles.

"My Lady Nicotine" refers to a smelly pipe, I believe, in literary truth; but I prefer to attach that name to the delightful sweet nicotiana, which also in July begins its daily evening performance, to last until the same Mr. J. Frost assumes entire charge. In the half-hour following the summer sunset, if the evening is still, there pervades in the garden the fragrance of this better tobacco, and its white flowers that open only when the sun has declined are as the garments

of a fairy. On summer moonlight nights this Lady Nicotine is queen of the fairies, indeed!

The nicotiana comes easily enough, for once planted, it seeds itself into the ground, to offer next spring any quantity of young plants.

The tall and stately perennial delphiniums were a point of garden interest through June and until mid-July, as they dominated the "blue bed." I wish I had more of them! I had; about a thousand seedlings from selected flowers formed a moonlight meal for several predaceous snails one season, and I have lost a season since. By the way, I have cut off the spent stems, right to the ground, in the main delphinium bed, added some encouraging sheep-manure and bone dust, and in consequence can almost see the new stems grow.

Hardy phlox is not yet right in my garden. It blooms, but not so prosperously as it ought to. I have expectations and hopes! But I do have, even in July, the first scarlet plumes of *Salvia splendens*, and the rich blue blooms of its sister *S. patens*. They serve to carry along the bloom time in a month not very floriferous, because the sun is too ardent. July is midsummer, and the leaf greens are now in full and fine maturity.

CHAPTER VIII—AUGUST

SOBER SUMMER

THE foliage of summer is generally mature, green, sober. There is a certain warmth and gaiety about the leaf progress of June and early July, and a vast variety in shades, as well, so that any body of trees and shrubs of varying kinds will display anything from the youngest light yellow leaves of the Norway maples to the deep, even green of the horse-chestnuts. Toward the first of August the leaves are quite or nearly full-grown, and they have settled down to their real work of elaborating food for the trees that bear them.

My water-color friend, Little, finds in this color maturity another confirmation of his theory that there is a sort of color compensation, a chromatic balance, of the seasons. In spring, the air and the ground are cool, though slowly absorbing heat, and the leaves and flowers are warm in hue—there are the really hot colors of the tulips, the yellows of some tree blossoms, and so on. As the season warms, the foliage and flower hues become in

general cooler, until in summer we have the deep green of mature leaves, the deep blue of the white-dotted sky, and the blues and whites of the garden. When cooler nights begin to come, the summer foliage is likely to assume hints of brown, the corn takes on the colors of maturity, and we have the decidedly warm-hued chrysanthemums, purple asters and the like to compensate. The sharp weather of winter demands all possible heat from nature's color scheme, and we have it in the browned leaf following the brilliant hues of autumn, in the corn shock and the bare tree stem, and even in the shadows on the snow.

Such is the theory, and it seems logical to me, though I have heard it derided, not at all to my discomfort—unless in August, the month when sense as well as theory demands coolness in language, in the breakfast melon, and anywhere else we can get it.

This theory takes no account of abnormal colors in foliage. That unwholesome-looking shrub, the golden-leaved elder, and the other jaundice-foliaged abnormalities, are not included, because they are not natural. To me these yellow-leaved affairs are repellant, because they look as if the plant lacked blood, and was unable to get enough chlorophyl pumped up from its roots to make a

PLATE XXIV. "My dwarf fruit trees have grown more than generously." (See page 141.)

decent showing. Why advertise such an apparent deficiency?

Nor have I fallen in love with the Burbank "Rainbow" corn, with its streaks of red and white and pink, for it adds no color note of value, and has no special beauty of form. If one tries out garden freaks by William Morris's prescription, the case of the corn will be quite easily settled. Morris said, "Have nothing about you that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." There is certainly no use in this rainbow stuff, and it is not beautiful to my eyes; therefore it will not be in the garden again.

The expensive Colorado blue spruce is another of these over-loud growths that needs at least to be used with great care. I have seen it in its native Rocky Mountain habitat, along river slopes, where it was the exclamation point in a mass of the deep green Engelmann spruce, and there it was very beautiful. I have also seen it in well-considered and rather extensive evergreen plantings in the east, used also as a color point, for emphasis and shading, and again it was beautiful. But planted as it frequently is, as the chief feature of a lawn, standing out alone and away from other evergreens, it advertises only the desire of the gardener to show that he is willing to wear a red

necktie with a dress suit! Anyway, a far more soft and pleasing note of color variation in evergreen foliage is given by the lovely Concolor fir, or by the blue form of the Douglas fir, both of which are of a distinctly attractive form.

In August I am but an occasional visitor at Breeze Hill. Long settled habit takes us all to the cottage at Eagles Mere, nestled into the edge of the primeval forest, and not far from a lake that cools, charms and holds us. It is my yearly opportunity to renew acquaintance with the wondrous flora of the forest floor, to live among the trees that were old when Columbus discovered America, to see how God's garden works out with all time and all nature at command. I have traveled to many forests, east, west, south, never to find one so richly attractive as this in the Pennsylvania Alleghanies, a half-mile high, and with its marvelous laurels and rhododendrons, its great huckleberries and viburnums, its giant hemlocks and maples and birches. The "going" in the trackless depths at Eagles Mere is as toilsome and adventurous as any I have ever found, and far more interesting and strenuous than the traversing of the Rockies or the Sierras. Here, free from regular duties, with a wondrous night canopy, I am awakened in the morning by the hermit

thrush, and all day—until the later days of the month—may hear the songs of many birds.

But I cannot wholly abandon my growing garden. At least twice during the month I return to enjoy the change, to revel in the delicious and uncanned fruit of the vegetable-garden, and to keep "tab" on the place generally. As I have previously written, the garden is planned to reserve its best until we are again home, in September; yet Nature is so kind to the growing garden that August is a bloom month as well as a fruit month and a vegetable month.

One August there had been a week or more of unusually cool and wet weather, which resulted in finding the roses enjoying new vigor, when I came home on the eleventh day of the month. Hot, dry weather does not prove congenial to the queen of flowers, and August is usually of that sort. The hateful "black spot" has removed most of the leaves, in several such seasons, and mildew is also destroyingly in evidence. Spraying does not get so well done in this gardenerless garden when the "boss" is away, and it is difficult indeed to keep the roses, particularly the hybrid teas, healthy and growing. At such seasons I envy England's rose climate of cool nights and continual moisture.

Another year, the first August visit showed me

the success of a scheme to compete with the hungry, thirsty, energetic roots of the Norway maple that marks and dominates the western border of the "formal" garden. This big maple shades most satisfactorily a place where visitors may sit in comfort to look over the garden. (Visitors only; the "boss" has never time to *sit* in comfort in *this* garden!) I had tried all sorts of things that might be expected to grow under this tree, but none of them did it. Finally I paved the central area with irregular brown-stone flags, laid with wide joints to admit water. This solved the problem as far as it went, but those same fibrous roots kept reaching out for water and fertility beyond on the two sides not bounded by a stone wall. It occurred to me that I might succeed with the scarlet sage, backed up by African marigolds; wherefore in June the larger bed to the east was transplanted full of these. The return in mid-August showed that the Salvia "Bonfire" was kindling, and although the plants leaned well toward the sun, they, and the marigolds back of them, grew and blossomed most beautifully and most brilliantly until frost.

The other angle within the root influence gave opportunity to try an experiment in the survival of the strongest. There was reason on this south

PLATE XXV. "The China asters . . . especially the King sorts that reign over the border along the axis walk." (See page 152.)

side for a low screen from the central walk, and I planted the fearfully persistent *Bocconia cordata*, or plume poppy, next the flagstone pavement, with the scarcely less persistent Shasta daisies next, edging the combination with petunias, themselves usually quite able to hold their own. "Let them fight it out among themselves," I said to my son, as we finished the planting.

Now I find they seem to have arranged a sort of *entente cordiale*, for all three families are dwelling together in apparent content and in considerable beauty. The bocconia shows its attractive plumes and its no less attractive fig-like leaves in comfortable height, the Shasta daisy has bloomed abundantly, and the petunias are rich in fringed flowers. True, the yellow roots of the bocconia have appeared outside the stone wall, and must be ruthlessly chopped out if I hope to confine this energetic plant to its designated place, but this is not much bother. It is a good part of the fun of growing a garden to try out plants here and there, to pit one against another sometimes, and thus to work toward being master of the garden.

The so-called "China" asters, which are botanically not asters, but callistephus, are August and September bloomers at Breeze Hill, and each year we "do" them better, as the professional gardener

puts it. With their colors in all the cyanic range of pink, purple, crimson and white; with their forms of flatness or roundness, of regularity or informality, of singleness or doubleness; with their accommodating disposition as to transplanting, soil and blooming, it would be difficult to name any more desirable annual. Last year it was the "King" varieties that pleased us most, but all were good to see, good to have and good to give away. The seed was sown in mid-March, in the neighbor's greenhouse, and the little seedlings transplanted twice. My son is rather an aster crank; and he seems to think that the half-trowelful of wood-ashes he digs into the ground around each plant when the asters are put where they are to bloom is of real value.

There is a nasty, agile and persistent bug that bothers the China aster. If and when he comes, war must be declared at once, with no parleying and no diplomatic hedging or "watchful waiting." A can with an inch of kerosene in it; a careful, quick shake of the plant so that the shiny black little devil drops headlong into it—and he is dead. Early in the morning is best for the funeral, because the corpse-elect is less gymnastic before the sun is high. But any time will do for the massacre, and every time is best until all are dead. It is a per-

fectly simple proposition; either you kill all these "aster beetles," or the beetles eat out and destroy all your asters. No spraying, no powdering, no anything but a petroleum bath!

I had been puzzled to know why the tiger lilies that seemed so well pleased for two years, in the long border along the axis walk, are now quietly getting away. It is a habit lilies have, I know; but I thought this variety, which I have seen in great beds, apparently decades old, would stay with me. The situation was seemingly just right, but "Chinese" Wilson's fine treatise on the lily family, which I have just read, convinces me even more fully of my ignorance. The bloom this August is scanty and weak, and the apparent reason is that I have the bulbs in a really damp place, whereas Mr. Wilson insists that they must have ample drainage. It is a matter of moving again.

Other lilies there ought to be in this garden; but there's a pocket-book reason! Some time the stately auratum, the nodding canadense, the fine lancifolium sorts will come into the borders, I hope, and to stay. I am the more anxious since I learn—again of Wilson—that they will thrive in my home-made leaf-mold. But I ought not to forget *Lilium Henryi* which has located, seemingly, and

which each year gives us a cluster of rich orange blooms with a notable green stripe.

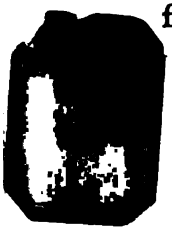
Not far from where the tiger lilies are passing away are, or were, some plants that I found I could spare with pleasure, but which had no intention of leaving me, it seems. I planted the much-advertised and catalogue-lauded *Anchusa italica*, "Dropmore variety," in a prominent place in the bed intended to be confined primarily to blue flowers, and in which my delphiniums have been for several years giving me increasingly splendid bloom service. The anchusa, raised from seed, grew easily, and lustily, and pervadingly; and it bloomed, too. Instead of the "gentian-blue flowers that make it one of the most desirable of all perennials," according to the catalogue, there came fusty little pink and blue blobs on the end of a coarse, hairy stem, arising out of leaves that were not nearly so attractive as those of a burdock! And the thing crowded my lavender, insulted a perfectly good platycodon, and slopped over on some plants of the really pleasing stokesia. By September, one plant rotted at its heart, disgustingly, and I dug it out, as well as its fellows, concluding that would be about all from Mr. Dropmore Anchusa. But next year it came along just the same, each bit of root left in the ground evidently having the adventitious

PLATE XXVI. The formal garden in August. (See page 128.)

bud necessary to set up for itself. The next digging-out was as thorough as that required for achillea, or bocconia, or physalis. I put the plants in a broad border where they seem to be in better place, and where they do fair service.

It would be hard to find a garden plant more generally pleasing than the hardy perennial delphinium. Rich ground—really rich; plenty of water; an annual fall covering of the crowns with sifted coal-ashes to ward off some bugs Mrs. Ely tells about; and the result is bloom from June until frost, and after frost. When I did not cut the bloom heads before seed formed, and indeed cut down the plant to the ground after the first burst of bloom, I had just ordinary blooming; but now that I keep cutting, there is continual flowering. And such flowering! Great long heads of sky-blue, of ultramarine, of deeper blue, held up in a most attractive fashion over good foliage; what more could be asked? The first growth in the spring is very strong, and the plant must be kept tied to supports. Later, these may be withdrawn.

In this same blue bed, later August sees the opening of *Conoclinium cœlestinum*, a perennial not well known. It is in Bailey's big Cyclopedia now classed as a eupatorium, in the boneset family of fine wild things; but it came to me as conoclinium,



and it is more blue for a longer time than any other plant I know. Its paint-brushy heads look like the familiar tender annual, the ageratum, and I have had them grow together to advantage. For all of six weeks the taller spikes of the conoclinium make intense the blue corner where they are.

Another blue satisfaction is blooming along this month—the so-called "blue spirea," which is no more a spirea than it is a potato. Its first proper name of *Caryopteris Mastacanthus* has held it for a long time from the popularity it deserves. Perhaps the new Bailey name of *C. incana* will help! In my growing garden it fits into a picture from the south porch, and provides for many weeks a blue mist of graceful details, about two-and-a-half feet high. Either fall sun or partial shade suits it.

I have another catalogue humbug to report upon for August. Because of its mountain association and its own beauty of color and pleasant odor, I have long liked the bergamot, or monarda —or horse-mint, as its unfair common name calls it. The fine fringy scarlet flowers come along in early summer, and at once remind me of the mountain climb to Eagles Mere, with the narrow-gauge railroad winding through great clumps of this brilliant bloomer. When I read in several catalogues that the select variety "Cambridge Scarlet"

had "flowers of a much more brilliant shade than the old variety," I was impressed, and bought. But the plants produced only blooms—and quantities of them, too—of a dirty dull crimson, not at all comparable with the plain *M. didyma* I was accustomed to. With a recommendation to the nurseryman to take treatment for color blindness I have "passed up" the Cambridge fraud.

Of this same nurseryman I obtained two plants entirely pleasing. *Spiræa Filipendula fl.-pl.* is the portentous name he gave the one that has rather dainty leaves, close to the ground, from amid which arise spikes about eighteen inches high of handsome white flowers, just now about over. It ought to be used as an edging plant, and it is called "dropwort" sometimes as a common name, while Bailey's Cyclopedia now sets it forth as *Filipendula hexapetala*, poor thing! The other good thing is *Artemisia lactiflora*, which grows some three feet high, and has also pleasing white flowers that stay good through weeks of hot weather. Unfortunately, in my state of misinformation, I planted these two together—but they don't fit!

It is much pleasanter to record satisfaction than failure, wherefore I now tell of how more than completely all catalogue representations have been realized concerning two shrubs, not so well

known as they ought to be in this land of pervading "Golden Glow" and hydrangea "p. g.," as the nurserymen abbreviate it. *Abelia grandiflora*, sometimes *A. rupestris*, is a graceful shrub with small, glossy leaves, almost evergreen in the South, and holding until long after the first frosts in this climate. If it had never a flower, it would be better than privet, for instance; but it does have flowers, and lovely they are. In refinement and form they resemble the trailing arbutus, or May-flower; but unlike that shy and evanescent favorite, these persist for most of the time from June to late September. Their persistent dark red calyces are in themselves ornamental, without the dainty flower, and the whole combination is good. A fairly open and sunny place seems to best suit this abelia, which has not yet accumulated any "common" names. In some locations it may freeze to the ground in a very severe winter. This is nothing to worry about, for the young shoots will soon make a fine symmetrical bush, blooming freely the same season.

The other shrub is called "summer heliotrope," "butterfly bush," and any other common name that happens to occur to the owner or the nurseryman. Its real name is buddleia, which is bad enough as far as it goes, with the worst yet to

come, for the specific name of the best of the varieties hardy in the middle states is Davidii var. magnifica. Get it all: *Buddleia Davidii* var. *magnifica!* What would have happened to the lilac if it had had to be named after Adam Buddle, an English botanist? It is mighty hard on a good plant to have so much mixed-up alphabet hung to it, and many such suffer under a blanket of obscurity for no worse cause.

But this buddlea—I am omitting an unnecessary vowel to try to make a name at least partly common—is a very excellent shrub. To be sure, zero weather will probably freeze it down to the ground or to the protection on the ground, and thus make sure of the pruning it needs; for its vigorous roots will provide shoots that will in a hurry make plenty of bush for beginning to bloom in late July or early August, and once begun, it seems to have no particular idea of stopping for a matter of five or six weeks. These blooms are in long panicles of rosy purple, enough like a heliotrope to mark the resemblance, and they stand thickly upon the plant, which under generous treatment tends to become rather coarse. The butterfly designation is not inapt, because the butterflies seem exceedingly fond of the shrub, and are about it constantly.

Those who want to obtain this buddlea will find it offered by nurserymen as *B. variabilis magnifica.* It likes the sun also, and planted close to tall shrubs, or at the edge of a border where it has room to spread, it is a fine thing in its season, in which there are none too many plants blooming. I am particular about room for it; a diameter of six feet the second year is not unusual. In fact, I planted one according to the size of its roots, and by midsummer it had, as I have previously noted, completely covered from sight two abelias, about three feet away!

The perennial gaillardias do much for the August flower show, for they keep up the blooming begun many weeks ago, and they are bright and showy in their brilliance of red and yellow. To freely cut the flowers, which last well in water, is to assure more and more of them. As a contrast in August, consider the sweet white "day lily," called *Funkia subcordata* in the catalogues. Its fine clusters are most lasting in partial shade.

Amongst annual flowers there are several that enjoy August. It is in the heat of this month that the lowly portulaca flourishes, for no matter what one may do, the ground must be hot before it will germinate, grow and bloom. It revels in the full sun, and as I used it one season at Breeze

Hill, it made a riot of bright hues along both sides of a flagstone center walk. Indeed, it rioted too much, actually covering the stone footway so that one had to step on its flowers or go off the walk. I had to cut it back vigorously, which seemed cruel while I was doing it.

Most garden-makers know the old-fashioned zinnia, common-named "youth and old age" for some abstruse reason, but few know the newer giant form, and the old and overlooked Haageana varieties. The flower is really a giant among zinnias, and what is more, its size has not brought coarseness, but rather the contrary. After one trial, I sowed only the scarlet and the yellow giants, from which there was plenty of color variation, with a slight predominance of a strong yellow and a gloriously bright scarlet, both with flowers emulating the dahlia in form, and maintained on long and stiff stems well above the abundant foliage. For cutting and for bold garden effects, this zinnia is a fine thing, I find, and the flowers last very long in perfection. Contrary to a tradition handed down to me, it not only endures but revels in good ground and plenty of manure, and it can also use plenty of water.

The other zinnia, Haageana by definite name, has quite small flowers, from the size of a quarter-

dollar up to about forty cents' worth. It is a sort of glorified coreopsis, but is not so weedy or so sticky as that annual. The colors seem to run into rich markings of orange, red, yellow, cream, and in between, and as the plants make fine little bushes and keep long in bloom, I'm voting for the zinnia with the name of the great Erfurt seedsman attached to it.

These August evenings are made fragrant by the same sweet tobacco, or nicotiana, which began its odorous bloom in early July. There are really beautiful ten-weeks stocks to add their sweetness, also; and the long twilight is altogether lovely in the garden, if only I can persuade myself to put away the weeder or the shears, letting the garden-morrow look out for itself!

On an August return—the second trip home—I looked after the summer pruning of the dwarf fruit trees. They have grown tremendously, and the peach trees this season gave us a fine crop, as also did the plums. I have learned from my German gardener-mentor, Mr. Rebe, to cut off at least half those long growths on the apples and pears, and as well to reduce the cherries and plums. He has taught me to select the limbs to leave, and to cut near the bud from which I want the next shoot to arise. The theory of summer pruning I know; it is

PLATE XXVII. "One of the pear trees flattened out against the espalier has on it . . . some beautiful fruits." (See page 141.)

that the shock of heavy cutting is likely to cause the tree to set fruit buds the sooner. At first it is hard to realize that next year's blossoms and potential fruits are being made this summer.

As thus noted, my dwarf fruit trees have grown more than generously, so that I know there is plenty of plant-food in this seemingly sterile shade. Bearing has not as yet been full or normal on the apples and pears, because the trees are too busy forming themselves into symmetrical shape. This year I have pruned toward a more open center, to let the light into the heart of the tree's bushy top.

One season the peaches on a Carman tree came along as watery clingstones, rather than as the richly flavored freestones the same tree had produced before. A wet season had much to do with the change, and it is possible that my neglect of summer spraying at various periods had something to do with this trouble, and with the rot that destroyed many of the fruits.

One of the pear trees flattened out against the espalier has had on it for two succeeding years some beautiful fruits. To show what has happened in four years, or more accurately just fifty months, I have made a photograph of the espalier in May of the year of its planting, and for

contrast have also introduced another of the whole orchard, to indicate how these dwarfs have found prosperity in this rough red shale. Some growth, isn't it?

While I am writing of pictures, let me refer the reader to Plate XXI, so that I may ask whether the sight of orderly rows of growing vegetables is anything else than pleasant? Celery coming fast, beets and beans in abundance; carrots that are creamy before cooking, kohlrabi that is a surprise; experimental plantings of okra that I don't know how to use and of big Chinese radishes that I don't want to use; salsify for next winter's and chicory for next spring's salad; tomatoes that are all tender flesh and limas that are "all to the good;"—doesn't that sound as well as it looks—and tastes?

And then the fruits; there are some peaches yet, some plums, and the Green Mountain grapes have ripened, as usual, by the time of my second trip home. Indeed I am enjoying this growing garden, and some others with me!

CHAPTER IX—SEPTEMBER

GOOD THINGS TO EAT—FINE THINGS TO SEE

AS a garden month, September carries a note of completeness. There is some relaxation now from the planning and the planting, and especially from the weeding and the spraying of earlier months. The results of hard work become apparent, and there are actually hours when I may sit at ease in the swing under the maple, contemplating the growth of the garden, and thinking more of next year's plans than of the next hour's work.

The month is usually well started before Eagles Mere releases us, and so we find at Breeze Hill actual September, rather than the August extension that one may expect in the earlier days. Of course the very first thing on returning to this regretfully left growing-garden home is a trip about, to see what is doing. Often this is a twilight trip, and it has been taken by moonlight to no disadvantage. Any light or no light, I could not expect to sleep without greeting the garden!

This year the arranged vegetable succession has

been well maintained, and a rich abundance is found of good things to eat—things to eat the partaking of which means no shedding of blood, no cessation of sentient life. At once, and without any particular thought about it, we become mostly vegetarian in our diet. Why not, with such sweet corn as awaits us, the product of our own land? The sort we find ready now is Goldenrod, of most delicious flavor and notable sweetness, which bears more and larger ears than the earlier favorite Golden Bantam. We have it boiled, an hour from the growing stalks; or we have, in lieu of a roast, a great corn pie, or "pasty," that makes meats a mere unimportant recollection.

Little beets, meltingly tender; yellow-podded snap beans, causing gratitude that they came on the table without the aid of a can-opener; spinach that has the flavor only possible in freshly plucked spinach; tomatoes that slice into small steaks of delicate flesh, with very little of seed cavity; carrots that hardly need to be creamed at all; and lima beans of the right size, fresh, and enough of them to satisfy a certain garden-maker who thinks he could about live on such beans and suitable bread—and all these available so as to give us our two vegetables for each dinner in a succession that prevents monotony.

Those same tomatoes, and some of the Cos lettuce, come in comfortably for luncheon; while at breakfast one may always have radishes of some sort. There are growing this year big plants of the Japanese Sakurajima radish, with tremendous roots that slice into a most inoffensive table result, the pungency being wholly out of relation to the size.

Our family has never connected very satisfactorily with Swiss chard, of which I usually grow some plants. If we had not such excellent beets and such delightful spinach, we might become enthusiastic about this vegetable which is a sort of combination of both.

I find the garden well tilled, and thus withstanding the better the absence of rain, which showed in browned fields on my way home. Later, we shall have to water, unless nature takes that essential work off our hands. The result of several years of war on weeds is now seen in some relaxation of their abundant germination. My effort has been to kill the weed before it has grown its second pair of leaves, not only in the interest of a clean place, but because I have seen what constant and persistent stirring of the ground does. I suspect that the necessity for weeding, in order that the first gardeners might restrict the use of the

ground to certain plants they considered not weeds, was the beginning of culture. From Dr. Bailey's angle of view, the Colorado potato beetle, the San José scale, and all weeds, are blessings in disguise, because they force upon lazy humanity action which has other results than those immediately aimed at. To the average slouchy "hired-man," the demand for the "dust mulch" of proper cultivation seems unreasonable and absurd, as I know from more than one experience.

At first I had no trouble in having plenty of inducement to cultivate, for in this old garden, neglected for more than a dozen years before I tackled it, there were vast reserves of weed seeds to keep germinating. After my ruthless slaughter had begun to make an impression on the shepherd's purse, the docks, the "pusly," the button-weed, and the other fifty-seven varieties of plants out of place, I had to contend with the contributions of the wind, which blew over nearby neglected pastures, thickly overgrown with wild carrot, many asters, goldenrods and the like. Now the opening of streets, the partial building up of the neighborhood, and most of all, two years of intensive culture of the worst nearby weed patch as a boys' garden, has reduced the wind contributions materially. It is no longer difficult to keep weeds out,

especially since I have replaced certain of them with scarcely less persistent plants that I prefer—as I shall tell in a later chapter.

September finds us enjoying fruits, as well as vegetables, in this growing garden. Two old Buffum pear trees, only survivals of a really great pear orchard that once vied with the Bellevue grapes, have taken on new life since they were cleaned, trimmed of dead wood, and sprayed. Each year they produce many bushels of fruit which we considered of little use until I remembered what I ought not to have forgotten—that most pears must be ripened off the tree to develop their proper flavor. Since then we prize the Buffum trees. Of the dwarf orchard, the peach trees have been bearing, as I have previously written, and the variety Stump the World is good in the earlier part of September, while a later sort—Krummell October—is not near ripening.

The only apple trees to bear are the Bismarck, and they began the next year after planting. This year one tree, certainly not more than seven feet tall, had on it twenty-three apples, and large apples they grew to be. I am not at all proud of them, for the simple reason that they are more ornamental than useful. I am known as a confirmed apple-eater, but the Bismarck is quite safe

from my appetite, being one of those Ben Davisy kind of fruit swindles that has only some fine red and yellow stripes on a thick and glossy skin to commend it, the inside averaging somewhat less toothsome than a turnip. These Bismarck trees are going to be "top-worked" to varieties fit to eat, for I am not growing a garden on any false-alarm basis, and fruits that are only good-looking must move out.

The grapes—oh, that's another story! Breeze Hill has been growing grapes, the records seem to show, since 1819, and most certainly since 1836. As a boy I knew the product of the "Bellevue Grapery," covering the hillsides south of the house in which I now write, and know it to be superior. Such Concords and Delawares as the proud master of this vineyard used to market I have never seen elsewhere. When I came here six years ago the old vines, planted in 1858, were yet on the land, but in great disorder. No trimming for years; trellises broken down; the rows unfertilized and uncultivated, and the poor old vines exposed to vandals of the type of some who came after we had settled here, and who resented being stopped from breaking off great branches of the old lilacs, saying, "Why, we always come here for laylocks!"

I was told that the vines were hopelessly

afflicted with root-knot and other diseases, and at any rate the hillsides near were being cleared of them for real-estate development purposes. Most of those on my two acres were torn out, but I reserved two rows to experiment with. The first fall Old William got rid of most of these by way of a trash-fire that escaped him, and there were left but twelve of the venerable vines. These I worked over, trimming, spraying, cleaning, fertilizing, tying-up; and they are now the determining points in my two-row vineyard. All but two were Concord, and the one Delaware gave up the ghost the first winter. To complete the rows, I planted fine three-year-old vines from Fredonia, of such sorts as I wanted. They have flourished and fruited, so that this year I have enjoyed splendid Concord grapes from vines side by side, the one fifty-six years planted, and the other four years planted—and no one could tell the fruit apart! On some of the veterans the rugged stems are three to four inches through above the ground; yet they do their appointed work quite as well as their youthful associates.

As I have before mentioned, the best of the bunches on the grape-vines are given the protection of a paper bag, applied in July, in which they come to a more perfect and unscarred matu-

rity. These grapes have been unexpectedly free from insect and fungous troubles, the worst of either being the visit, one year, of an agile and determined steel-blue beetle—determined to utterly destroy. He was immune to sprays, but when I made a submarine of him by shaking him into kerosene, he gave up.

The chief fruit event of the month, however, is the strawberry event. "Strawberries in September—you're joking!" someone remarks. Not just exactly; those deliciously flavored, deep red berries I had for breakfast the morning after the arrival from Eagles Mere were no joke! Nor was the strawberry shortcake two days later a joke—it was a culinary poem! I have been hinting in earlier chapters at a strawberry story. Here it is, for the strawberries are now ripe, and I can pick and eat as the reader envies me—unless he calls and participates, or by happy chance has opportunity to pick and eat from his own "fall-bearing" plants.

I had heard of fall-bearing strawberries, and several years ago had bought certain loudly commended foreign sorts—the "French Four-Seasons," and others. The Frenchman did produce some weedy little fruits, red enough, but of no importance as strawberries; and the other sorts

just failed to connect at all. A strawberry-grower sent me samples of berries one autumn, but they tasted more of the cotton they were packed in than like the red fruit I knew. Early this spring I visited a strawberry-grower in Maryland, my friend Allen, who has actually millions of plants in his level fields. He showed me his Progressive variety, which, he asserted, was a real strawberry that would bear fruit in the fall, and was worth while. I know he knows, and I took his word against my skepticism. The one hundred try-out plants came and were set on April twenty-seventh, quite late for my location. They were well cared for, and as per instructions, the earlier blossoms—and some plants were in bloom by May twentieth!—were picked off. About the first of August, on a trip home, I found a new setting of blossoms; and these were not disturbed; but the plants were carefully mulched, and several times watered during the bitter drought that followed. The lovely, sweet and high-flavored fruit I am now enjoying is the result; and as blossoms and green fruits are crowding the ripening berries, I expect there will be strawberries for some weeks.

The difference between these September Progressives and the usual crop in June is that all of these are sweet and high-flavored, while some of

the June berries are not. I am converted; and I'll hope to have more of these delightful fruits another year. Seemingly, as the ripening is successive, and not in one burst of a crop, it will take more plants to keep the family properly strawberried in September and later; but that is easy enough!

Certainly the growing garden has given us good things to eat this month. It has, as well, many good things to see. The China asters are yet superb, especially the King sorts that reign over the border along the axis walk dividing the vegetable-garden. We cut, and cut, and cut again; always there are plenty of great flowers yet remaining. The "blister beetle" is now but a petroleum memory, for we literally "soaked him" in time.

The hardy and actual asters are also fine. I find it necessary to be rather cruel to these, for they spread so rapidly that they tend to overrun other equally important flowers; wherefore I annually dig out and dispose of any that are in the way; as they are then weeds in the proper sense.

The boltonias are akin to the hardy asters, and as likely to be too pervasive. But the pink sort in bloom is lovely, for it seems at a little distance to be covered with a rosy mist. Growing about as

high is the "white snakeroot," to give the absurd common name to *Eupatorium ageratoides*. The latter proper name is descriptive, for it is an ageratum-like "boneset" of most pleasing character, and here remains in bloom for all of three weeks in the full sun. I brought the plants from the wild, and Mr. Manning was afraid they would not endure the soil and the sunshine. They have "rejoiced and been glad" for both.

Along the axis or living-room border—did I mention that Mr. Manning had me center the garden on the house?—there is now blooming a lowly blue beauty, *Plumbago Larpentæ* as it used to be called, *Ceratostigma plumbaginoides* as it is now abusively designated in Bailey's Standard Cyclopedia, and leadwort as sometimes known. Poor little creeping bit of blue elegance—how can it get loved under such a bunch of riotous Latin profanity! I can make it a go at plumbago, and it reproduces now in this shady place the hue of the scilla of spring. Near it grows, and tends to overgrow everything, the pink-flowered *Sedum spectabile*, which is handsome and happy here where the sun visits scantily.

The splendid delphiniums keep right on during the month in their blue prominence, and my pet weedy tobacco annual, the nicotiana, is as sweet

and easy as ever. That dry place near the maple tree is ablaze with Scarlet Dragon salvia, and the conoclinium continues its mist of blue. In another of the garden beds—and I wish they were all borders!—the pleasing salpiglossis holds up its odd flowers in much richness. Some lantanas nearby are now a mass of orange and yellow flowers, and the source of a strong and not disagreeable odor. Another catalogue disappointment is now in bloom in *Helenium autumnale rubrum*. Note that last Latin word, which means red, and which is why I bought the plants. With a magnifying glass, at times, it is possible to note a bit of scarlet in the mass of "sneezewort" blooms now open, but generally they are just plain orange, and nothing more. I was almost enough provoked at the fraud to "see red," but that wouldn't improve the hue of the flowers.

The snapdragons are now in their glory, and I think they'll keep it up until after the first frosts, if we pick them often enough. Clear white, and a lovely shade of pink, are my favorites, though some deep scarlet blooms are pretty fine. I'm sticking to the dwarf or Tom Thumb and intermediate classes, as the tall forms tend to blow over in the winds that sweep this garden.

Seedsmen are generally careful, but I've been

wondering just what particular reason the guilty one is going to give me to account for the fact that most of the seed he sold me to plant as mixed *Phlox Drummondii* has produced plain pink petunias? The petunias are not bad, but I wanted phlox, and there are some among the petunias, though not in predominance.

Speaking of the petunia, what a satisfactory annual it is! When the little seedlings first appear, so tiny and so weak, it is hard to believe that in but a few weeks we shall be enjoying a veritable cloud of bloom, if it happens to be a one-color planting like this corner of lovely Snowstorm. Equally lovely are the bloom-covered plants of a dwarf petunia from Sutton, which keeps within six inches of the ground, blooming continually in pink-and-white clouds. Yet another petunia from the English seedsman is called violet on the seed-packet, but its large and numerous flowers are the exact purple shade of the much-desired *Clematis Jackmanii*. From the same very careful Sutton I have had and tried to succeed with nemesia, an English favorite which quite evidently does not find pleasure in the Breeze Hill conditions, for it barely exists.

Other annuals add to the mature beauty of the September garden. The only shrubs yet blooming

are the abelia and the buddlea, and my one unprized plant of *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*. Another year the fine *H. paniculata*, not *grandiflora*, will be strong enough to bloom, and then I shall have a favorite close by, in its interesting and not fussy flowers.

This month the giant zinnias are really gorgeous, impressive, fine! The crescent border which in spring showed in narcissi against the great evergreens now glows with their stately flowers in clear and bright reds and yellows. These blooms are not coarse, either in form or in color, and when cut for house decoration they supply a certain arrangement-possibility peculiar to themselves and entirely desirable.

The Haageana zinnias, to which I have previously referred in terms of commendation, show clearly on another curve, where they are blooming away as if they intended never to stop.

Yes, we've had, and have, plenty of good things to eat from the garden-home, and all the time there is even more of a feast for the eye. God is very good to the gardener!

PLATE XXIX. "The giant zinnias are really gorgeous. . . . The crescent border . . . glows with their stately flowers."
(See page 156.)

CHAPTER X—OCTOBER

THE EARLY FALL GLORY

IF SEPTEMBER shows as its distinguishing feature garden maturity, October may be said, in this climate at least, to put a plus mark on the same feature. All the things you have been doing come to some result by October, and the hint of the coming winter rest-time for the vegetable kingdom only hastens the rush to grow, it seems. When I look back over the records of past Octobers, and then look around me at the record, on and in the ground, of this October, I am constrained to call it a very full month, and a very pleasing one.

The lawns have recovered from the paralysis of summer's heat, so deadening to the grass on this yet thin soil at Breeze Hill, and the green is rich and deep. Cool nights have caused the roses to rejoice, and not only all the steady bloomers like Teplitz (that's my name for Gruss an Teplitz, a scandalous load for a great little rose!), Orleans and Baby Rambler are exerting themselves, but Killarney and the hybrid teas are at work making

big buds, and the great white queen, Druschki (my convenient contraction for Frau Karl Druschki), is showing superb flowers. Even the General Jacq. gives us once in a while a crimson surprise.

Shrubs that did their blooming early have put in the summer making growth for next year, and now they show it in stem and foliage. I ought to trim off the greened heads of the so-called "Snowball" hydrangea, but I rather like to see them, and I altogether like the great oak-leaves of *Hydrangea quercifolia*, a shrub not yet big enough to bloom much, but most distinct in its leafage. I have associated all the rarer hydrangeas in one vicinity, each as points in one of the vista-pictures I am working for and gradually seeing bloom and leaf into life. As this month witnesses the beginning of the sometimes slow and always interesting change of foliage colors that precedes the clearing of bough and twig for winter's blasts, I have opportunity to see how the autumn colors fit the picture.

It is unfortunate that more consideration is not given to the effects that may be obtained by planting trees and shrubs with thought for their color values the whole year round. That it is done in some cases is usually because one of the greater workers with nature's paints—Olmsted, Manning or some other of the few that *know* and use their

knowledge—has had opportunity to propose the planting. Or mayhap the planter has been so fortunate as to have visited the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, or to have received its bulletins, so as to observe or read how the great world-master of shrubs and trees, Professor Sargent, uses autumn leaf, bare twig color and enduring bright fruits to add interest at the season miscalled melancholy. The department-store type of home-planting takes no account of such matters; nor does the average nurseryman, I am sorry to say, who is all too likely to sell the shrubs and trees that grow most easily and look most impressively large as young plants. It is as users of plants and trees for the making of living pictures in the open come to know what they can have, and what may be accomplished at various times of the year, that the proper shrubs will be grown, and desirable individuality will be impressed upon gardens. I have seen home-grounds done sadly often upon the same general architectural concept as that which has governed the building in some cities of block on block, or row on row, of identical houses. Even the individual bad taste of using a Colorado blue spruce away from absorbing and harmonizing greens is better than the dread monotony of hydrangea "p. g.," golden

glow, *Spiræa Van Houttei* and a scant half-dozen similar excellent but over-used shrubs.

What I am preaching now is planting for an effect to suit the particular case at any time of year, that effect to be what the planter himself—or usually herself—individually believes to be the best. And I preach again that this effect shall not be a sheer imitation, sought for because seen and liked somewhere else under totally different conditions. I have in mind an example, where the garden man—or woman, I think—had traveled considerably, and seen much, but had not sorted up with any particular care the impressions received. One thing seen, admired and desired was a rose-covered pergola; wherefore a brick pergola was promptly built in the center of a flat open space, at some distance from the pretentious house and between two streets. It simply rose out of the ground, leading nowhere, connecting with nothing, and, even after the roses grew, seeming purposeless. True, chairs were placed in the center of the affair, but I never saw the time when my friends had the "nerve" to sit in those chairs! It would have been like going into a "grand-stand" for a pageant, minus the pageant. The whole effect was summarized by an acute friend, who said, "Isn't it painful?"

PLATE XXX. "The stately . . . Japanese anemones are at their best." (See page 161.)

But I am wandering far from home, and the weather is too fine to stay away from my yet growing garden, where I am sincerely trying, at least, to work out pictures with plants right here, and without thought of slavish imitation.

October surely provides me with some plant-paints peculiar to the season. The stately, yet lovely and dainty Japanese anemones are at their best for full three weeks, and it is a very good best. In the pink bed a great mass of Queen Charlotte shows satiny flowers of a beautiful rose tint, and the pure white Whirlwind is a drawing display against the old arborvitæ hedge. Some plants in a shady border hold back later, and one clump along the axis walk combines its whiteness with the lovely blue monkshood, *Aconitum Fischeri* var. *Wilsonii*. It is a good combination.

Those same delphiniums mentioned so frequently are yet a leading garden feature, for the cutting away of the blooms without permitting seed to be formed has caused them, assisted by a liberal manure mulch and much water, to keep right on blooming. Instead of becoming ragged by reason of long bloom and cool nights, the scarlet sage is finer than ever. In fact, about everything that was blooming in September has concluded to be "continued in our next," and is with us yet. On

the second Sunday of the month I noted thirty-four distinct flower species in good bloom, and seemingly intending to keep on awhile.

The chrysanthemums are an October feature. I have tried to get large-flowering hardy 'mums, and I succeed in growing them easily enough, only they are not hardy, and are gone by spring. This October there are blooming some very lovely flowers among the chrysanthemums, and my hope for over-winter living is strong. Certain seedlings with surprisingly good flowers are coming into bloom. An exquisite light pink, Normandie, has lasted three weeks in beauty; Lillian Doty, a deeper pink, is also lasting; and there are yellows, reds, and a persistent and lovely informal white—Queen of the Whites—that I really want to carry over and have more of. But if they fail? Well, I've certainly had my money's worth now, and I can plant again without feeling cheated.

Part of my desire to have this class of chrysanthemums "live over" comes, I think, from two memories. One is of the old home of my boyhood, about which grew quantities of white, pink, red, yellow and brown "frost flowers," as we called them, that just came each fall, and were never renewed. Then I remember seeing, not once, but often, masses of much larger 'mums in country

farm gardens, on the roads out from the city; and of thinking that these were better than the florist's larger flowers.

Cosmos is another October joy. In this garden cosmos, like pansies, seems to naturalize by self-seeding, so that there will be hundreds of seedlings of both next year. Each year I sow afresh, however, and this year I am enjoying a combination suggested in one of the garden papers—that of asparagus and cosmos. I transplanted the cosmos into the asparagus border, with the result that the fine foliage but sturdy stems of the juicy spring vegetable have protected the cosmos while young, and the two, grown up, mingle into a lovely riot of flower and foliage. Heretofore the staking of the cosmos has been necessary, but this year it has not been required.

Pansies, as I have written, are practically naturalized now in this garden, and must sometimes even be treated as weeds, though that is cruel hard weeding. Each year I sow and grow good "strains" of pansy, and they do exceedingly prosper! This season there has been a continuous performance for more than five months, the show alternating sometimes and sometimes being simultaneous between two beds, one planted with pansies grown from seed obtained in Portland, Oregon,

and the other disporting the best flowers of a strain grown by a specialist in Massachusetts. Honors are about even between them, though the Massachusetts bed is likely to go into the winter all blooming and happy, because it was cut down once in summer, and very carefully fertilized then with that powerful tonic, hen manure. Let me say to any gardener growing pansies, that prosperity in bloom and much good manure go together. When there has been enough manure applied in the ground, just put in, and on, as much again, and take notice of the result.

Few garden makers realize, I think, that the ordinary pansy of our pleasure, *Viola tricolor*, is actually a perennial, and a nearly hardy perennial at that. In England it is grown from cuttings and kept alive from year to year. In the Breeze Hill garden the survivals are usually of self-seedlings, though one year it happened that a small group of very good pansies was heavily fertilized late in summer, and all the "leggy" stems cut off. A fine fresh growth with prompt flowers resulted. By accident, rather than by intention, this group of pansies was given a protection of coarse refuse and manure. In the very early spring the pansies again began business, and the individual flowers the second season were fully equal to the best of

the first season's bloom. It is thus evident that keeping your favorite pansies alive and blooming is only a matter of a little attention. Most of us will, I presume, continue to treat the pansy as an annual, because that is the easier way—and we American gardeners are strong on easy ways!

I aim to get on as familiar terms with the so-called Scotch, or tufted pansies, that are most lovely, shade-enduring, and also continuous-flowering, though not so large. Again I have old-home memories of bright little "Johnny-jump-ups," appearing each year in the garden, and showing their impish monkey-faces almost underfoot. I wish I might locate a few! I have, actually carried along in life endured in the various city back-yards in the thirty years since I saw the last of my mother's garden, two peonies and some lilies-of-the-valley, both coming from a bed that must have been at least thirty years old then. Perhaps it is foolish sentiment to cherish these plants for their origin; but I am not ashamed.

Not far from the beds of transcontinental pansies there grows now a little mass of nigella, or "love-in-a-mist," a charming annual, altogether pleasing. Its foliage is prettily cut, and its abundant blue flowers do seem to be mist-surrounded by the foliage, while the seed-heads that follow are

entirely decorative. The scabiosa, or "mourning bride," is another of the really good annuals I have enjoyed this year, as it nods its graceful stems in the breeze, its odd but richly colored round blooms at the tips. For cutting, no annual is better; the flowers last long in the house. *Arctotis grandis*, a newer annual, has given us many weeks of good daisy-like flowers, and the splendid annual gaillardias seem not to know how to be out of bloom at any time. But of all the annuals—and these I am growing seem perennial—the wallflowers are the most enduring and persistent. Blooming now, and exceedingly sweet they are, in their smoky browns and crimsons and dull yellows; and they will probably be blooming under the snow at Christmas, if there is snow then. The wallflower is a sweetly scented and somewhat inconspicuous member of the garden family with which I am inclined to a much closer acquaintance.

All the garden standards are at their best in October, as I have written. Particularly does the lowly verbena enjoy the cool nights. Where it grows, there were planted after July first some gladioli bulbs, with the result that now the stately spikes of scarlet "War" glow from a verbena carpet, while white "Peace" and lovely "America" rise in company. I know that a cer-

tain strict ideal forbids such a use of either verbenas or pansies; yet the effect seems here entirely pleasing and in good taste.

A wonderful color contrast is available now in the cut blooms of the brilliantly blue *Salvia patens* grouped with the equally brilliantly orange flowers of the calendula or pot-marigold. Both are blooming more abundantly than in the warmer days, and it also seems as if the nearby petunias, dianthus and snapdragons had received some especial encouragement from the weather—or is it from the heavy mulch of well-rotted manure that covers the ground about them, and through which soaks the water plentifully applied in consequence of rainless weeks?

Dahlias are perplexing in their behavior at Breeze Hill. At first it seemed as if this must be their long-lost home, so vigorously did they grow, and so abundantly did they flower; but for several years they have been slow to start, and reluctant to bloom. This year the progress was not satisfactory until early in this October, when an awakening seemed to happen, so that now we have superb flowers, and plenty of them. Of course they will be at their best about the time of the first frost, which will nip them more easily than it will anything else! Even the nearby and really gorgeous

cannas will endure a little frost, but not so Madame Dahlia. These cannas, by the way, are of the sorts produced by Antoine Wintzer, as I have previously written, and are most attractive, brilliant and satisfactory. Each year I am likely to have a short visit with this genial Alsatian, and then to hear him tell of his aims in the further perfection of specialty. He grows roses for a living, but I sometimes think he lives to grow cannas!

Of fruit in this young garden, we have yet the grapes in bags, the bunches in the open having been long ago eaten either by bipeds, hit by the one mean hail-storm of the season, or punctured for the sweet juice by myriads of bees. The paper protection covers from all these troubles, and it is a fruit event to open a bag on a cool morning, taking from it the chilled, ripe grapes in perfect condition. Those strawberries I wrote about in September are keeping right on with their blooming and bearing, so that we are renewing our June days with them. Hurrah for the Progressive! Then that late peach, Krummell, has been giving us great golden globes of rich yellow flesh all through two weeks, after other peaches are only a memory. I can hurrah some for Herr Krummell, too!

In the earlier garden years we began to get vegetable-poor in early October. Not so this year;

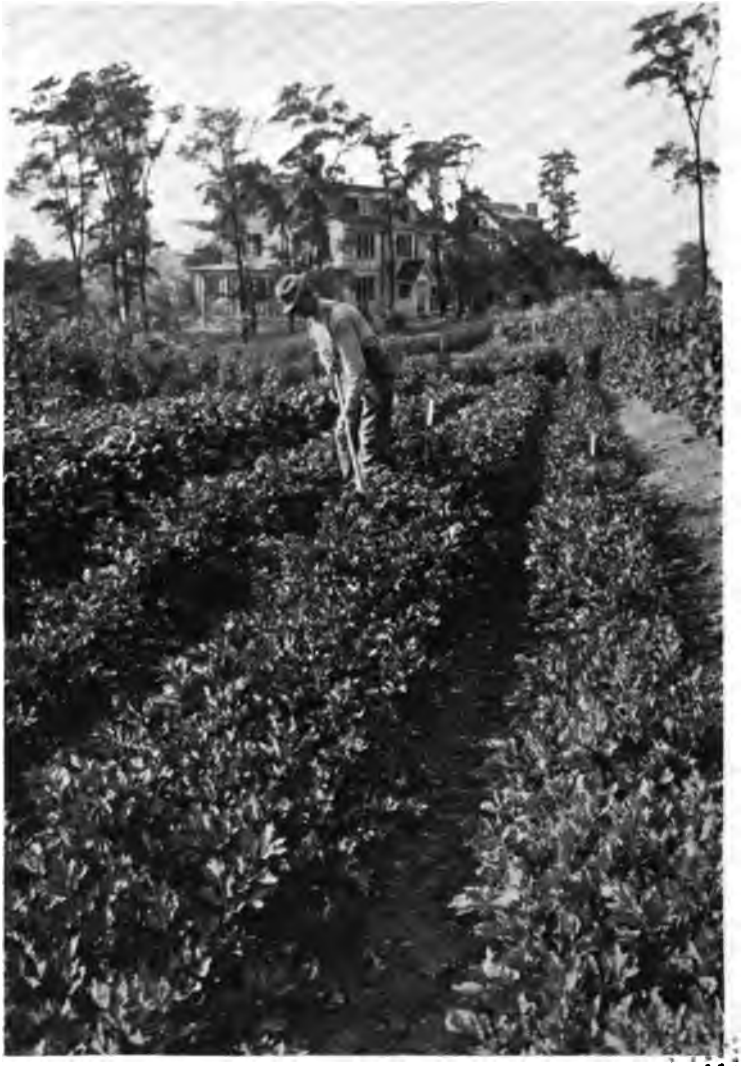


PLATE XXXI. "Celery just humping itself these cool nights."
(See page 169.)

there is an increasing abundance of the best, and we hardly keep up, these days, more than a bowing acquaintance with the butcher. Three sorts of sweet corn, all really sweet; lima beans growing and swelling so fast that we can't possibly eat up to them; a treat of Nott's Excelsior peas, late planted; tomatoes, carrots, beets, peppers, spinach, snap beans, turnips if we want them (we don't!), lettuce of two sorts, parsley all the time, celery just humping itself these cool nights to get ready for use—what more could properly be asked of a growing garden?

There is more; we have made the acquaintance of kohlrabi this year, and it is an agreeable acquaintance. I grew some of the White Vienna sort, just to have it. The blue-green foliage, and the nice little turnipy bulbs above ground were first-rate to look at. A visit from my gardener friend Rebe indicated a way to become more intimate with this little-grown cousin of the cabbage and the cauliflower. Several of the pretty bulbs were trimmed, pared, sliced, soaked in salt-water, boiled in the same with several pourings-off, and a cream dressing added. Result, a delicious dish, attaining immediate popularity. The taste? A little like cabbage, more like cauliflower, but better than either, and wholly free from coarse-

ness, either of flavor or texture. We shall have successions of kohlrabi hereafter, for it may be had all seasons, it appears.

Here was a case in which "we all" didn't know how to use to advantage a good food product; and most Americans do not know at all about this, or about many other excellent vegetables. Moreover, when we do know how to use the garden bounty, it is usually only in one or two ways, and seldom does even so good a housewife as the one who permits me to sit daily at her better-than-any-hotel table know how to successfully *preserve* vegetables that cannot be eaten fresh. It has been stated that more than forty per cent of the vegetables grown in gardens go to waste, and I think the percentage is even higher here; yet we come to long in the winter for the succulent beans, the luscious corn, the deliciously sweet peas, that were superabundant in the growing time. My good wife has tried, and tried; and though she is surely a proficient at preserving and jellying and "buttering" fruits, and her pantry shelves are richly stocked, she has not found the way to carry into the winter the finer vegetables. Once there was a six-hour boiling of snap beans. They "kept," sure enough; but wrapping-paper to eat in any other guise would have been just as undesirable!

I think the great department of bugs and diseases and funguses and fruit troubles at Washington might come sometime to helping the conservation of vegetables, now that conservation is the fashion!*

While the weather this October has been fine, in its general comfort, there has been practically no rain, and the hose has been kept going in the garden much of the time. The notable Campbell sprayer enables me to cause a gentle rain to fall over or upon a fifty-foot circle, without "packing" the ground to any serious extent, while on the grass walks the no less notable Skinner "lawn mist" tool distributes a yet gentler rain with even efficiency over a rectangle of eight by twelve feet.

Off in a half-shaded spot back of the fruit espalier I have located the bed to which were transplanted the perennials that we will need next spring to renew and to extend our plantings. They were sown in July and August, and coddled a little with shade and water in the coldframes. Now they are growing lustily in the open, to winter over comfortably, I hope. Hollyhocks, columbines, arabis,

*After these words are written, I find there is vegetable conservation proposed in Farmers' Bulletin No. 359, of the Department of Agriculture, entitled "Canning Vegetables in the Home." The basis of safe preservation of vegetables is, I read therein, in sterilization by heating at successive times, as on three following days, rather than by one prolonged cooking. I hope other garden-makers will send for that bulletin.

sweet williams by separate colors, delphiniums, Iceland poppies, and so on—the fine old standby sorts; plenty to plant, and more to give away. Each year I note that we ought to plant them earlier; and I trust next June will see us sowing for the fall carry-over—though anyone who is operating a personally-conducted garden is likely to discover that sufficient unto June are the joys thereof, without laying up much treasure in the way of provision for another year.

These lovely October days, with a morning tang in the air followed by mid-day mildness, give us another use of the Breeze Hill garden. My good wife's Sunday school girls, mostly from gardenless homes, romp over the lawns, delight in the flowers, feast on the fruits, and pay for all of it by giving me the joy of their joy, plus an opportunity to use my camera on the picture they make when grouped for an instant's quiet.

At the last of the month, after a sharp frost that made us chase for protecting burlaps and boards, the autumn color is the feature. But that is properly a November story; sufficient, full and fine are the days of October!

CHAPTER XI—IN BETWEEN

CHOOSING YOUR OWN WEEDS

"NO one in his senses would ever choose any weed," some one says. That depends, is the answer; it depends on what is a weed, in the first place, and on what kind of a weed it is, once a plant has been so stigmatized. The simplest definition of the word weed is "a plant out of place," and the unhuman scientist may be perfectly satisfied with that disposition of the lovely mountain laurel or the aristocratic rhododendron, when great specimens of either stand in the way of a road or a building.

He would agree with a really delightful friend of mine whose knowledge of plants is limited to three: "fern," "grass" and hydrangea. Of the three, hydrangea (meaning the hydrangea "p. g." I have frequently mentioned) is in his view the most important and valuable, and "grass" of next desirability, "fern" being endurable under certain conditions in which "grass" cannot be made to grow. All else that grows, of less stature than trees, is either "weeds" or "brush," and to be as

rapidly as possible substituted by grass or hydrangea. Now my friend's not extended knowledge of the vegetable kingdom would only have amused me, had he not been for many years a man of authority about a summer-home mountain-top, that mountain-top being in the heart of a bit of primeval forest, with its flower-set "floor" and its native-shrub undergrowth. Acting on his ideals, he had destroyed as weeds quantities of the dainty pink moccasin-flower orchid, great colonies of the sweet maianthemum, with New England asters, clintonia, trilliums and the like, as nature had planted them in more centuries of time that he is years old; and he had "brushed out" of the forest laurels and red-berried elders, and superbly symmetrical old specimens of the withe-rod viburnum, the high-bush huckleberry, and other plant-citizens belonging in this favored place. And then he sowed grass seed and planted hydrangeas, so that this nave of God's forest temple might look like his Pennsylvania front yard! The grass, finding little encouragement in the mountain mold, was hard to establish, and even yet the lovely partridge-berry and certain of the buttercup family break through and put the sickly grass-roots out of business. But the hydrangea has grown vociferously, rampantly,

inexcusably, until its plants and their plumes dominate the place for months.

Here, it may be noted, the "plant out of place" definition is susceptible of more than one application. To my friend, grass is the only plant good; to me, his introductions are most certainly weeds in this garden of God's planting.

I think I may construct my own definition of a weed as, in the first place, a plant of persistent and spreading growth that is not sufficiently beautiful in foliage or flower to commend it for its own sake; or as a plant attractive in itself that tends to possess the land to the exclusion of all else. Thus the ox-eyed daisy is unquestionably a weed, even though it is beautiful, because it spreads rapidly and persistently, so that whole fields on the careless farm wave with its flowers, and justify the gibe of Dr. Bailey of Cornell, who said to me, when once we passed such a display of neglect, "That man is not a farmer; he's a florist!" This same Dr. Bailey's definition of a weed as "a plant not wanted" is simple enough, and true.

Of the first class of weeds are those I found pervading the land when we came to Breeze Hill. On the preliminary trip to "look out" the place, the ladies of the family accumulated on their clothing

ropes of "stick-tights" and my trousers were set high with "Spanish needles." The poke-weed leaves had not yet been frost-cut, and great burdocks rosetted what had been the lawn. Shepherd's-purse, dandelion, wild carrot, plantain, button-weed, mustard, purslane—these and their natural associates were playing the old game of the survival of the fittest all about. Catnip was everywhere, and of poison ivy there was more than enough to fill an order my old nursery-friend Moon once told me he had received from abroad for "1,000 *Rhus toxicodendron.*"

In the early spring the war began, and it lasted over several succeeding springs before I could come to feel that I was acceptable in the evolutionary sense, and was surviving over the weeds because I was fittest to survive. There were many separate engagements, for in a curious fashion, one weed at a time would seem to come to the front and especially dominate all the ground. Ruthless and repeated uprooting, mean and hazardous to do, rapidly disposed of the poison ivy.* The poke-weed, which has a deep, fleshy, crooked white

*Just a word as to ivy poisoning, to those susceptible—as I am not. Whatever be the treatment adopted, let it be preceded by a hard scrubbing of the affected places with hot water and laundry soap, applied with a stiff brush. This, if thoroughly done, tends to diminish the eruption and especially to prevent the re-infection which otherwise does the most damage.

PLATE XXXII. "Sunday-school girls, mostly from gardenless homes . . . delight in the flowers."
(See page 172.)

root and a top that comes off when you don't want it to as easily as one of those patent interchangeable umbrella handles, was the next contestant, and Mr. Phytolacca put up a hard fight before he assumed a relation of only occasional presence. Every bit of a root seemed to make a new plant, and particularly in shady corners did these flourish and flaunt and flower and seed.

I had all the broad-leaved docks uprooted that first season, I thought. It was but a vain thought, however, for there were more of them next season, and the next. Ever try to dig a good husky dock, Gentle Reader? Then you know how easily and comfortably its soft top comes away, leaving a root only encouraged to reach deeper by temporary relief from foliage! Along the east end of the long arborvitæ hedge there was so much of both the pervading docks that I thought they would be exterminating each other, because of lack of food. I had again forgotten that there was plenty of room toward the center of the earth, and that the Rumex family is not particular as to soil quality, or shade, or sun, or moisture. Any old corner will do as well as the center of the lawn, and there will be dock prosperity in both.

The next battle was with "shepherd's-purse," a rather neat-looking affair resembling sweet alyssum

gone wrong. It is an annual with the well-developed habits of the really criminal weed class; that is, like dandelion, orange hawkweed (thank heaven, I have none of that terror!), and the plantains, it will accommodate itself to any condition, and bloom under the lawn-mower or a foot high, according to opportunity. And how it seeds and spreads! The west garden plot, the soil of which I had to make from raw, rough shale, was its favorite growing spot, and it got in its fine work when I had that in winter vetch over a season, for obtaining humus and nitrogen. The shepherd's-purse (the name is absurd!) came up through the vetch, and the only thing to do was to pull, pull, pull! One merit the weed does have; its top is well fastened to the long tap-root by which it prospers in any drought, and if it is grasped by this and twisted a bit, you can really get it out in moist weather. I developed a continuous back-ache pulling shepherd's-purse on wet days; but at last that weed ceased to be of any particular importance.

Then came the button-weed, that round-leaved perennial which grows nice little "cheeses" about one-sixth inch across—which same cheeses I found palatable when I had a boy's omnivorous and continuous appetite. We are told that this mallow harbors the fungus that interferes with the

prosperity of hollyhocks, wherefore it is placed in the *index eradicatorius*. It has the same merit as the capsella, or shepherd's-purse; it doesn't easily lose its head. But its tap-root is likely to be forked, and outrageously long. And it will blossom and fruit and raise a numerous and energetic family in two inches above the ground; while I have found stems two feet long in a pasture. It nearly had legs!

Of wild carrot and chicory and golden-rod I have had but few, even though my surroundings are heavy with them. For each I have admiration as a flower, and I promise myself a border or a row or two of them specifically planted in good ground, and kept within the assigned space. If any white flower surpasses the wild carrot in dainty grace and decorative value, I have not seen it.

The lawn weeds I shall not write of until I take up pen to confess my grass sins, which are many, and to state my greensward hopes, which are only moderately high.

I have written above of the weeds I have chosen to destroy. There are some plants that I want to have take the place of the really weedy weeds; for I have made the not very original discovery that nature's disposition to get the ground covered is worth working with, and not against. I'm willing

to have the great dame do the covering, but I desire to nominate the coverers.

For instance, and as I have written elsewhere, I cannot yet get the slopes of Lovers' Lane ready for the guests from the wild they are designed for. Therefore I have encouraged the common blue violet to take possession, and the said violet has filled the order promptly. As I get other things, some of the big violet clumps will simply pass on to the muck-pile. In another location, I found the English sweet white violet hardy and rampant, and to it has been assigned important duties in consequence. It is a pretty "swell" weed, if you please!

About Breeze Hill there are many shady corners, and some of them also are dry. Several years ago at Eagles Mere I found the beautiful wild columbine growing in shade, and in the dryness of a rock crevice with very little soil. That gave me an idea, and I collected a few plants, which have made gay for several May weeks the southeast approach to Lovers' Lane. Carefully saving the abundant seedage, I sowed it favorably, and obtained at least a thousand fine little plants. These have been transplanted into the difficult places, the sunless, moistureless spots and corners; and certain slopes have also been set with the columbines. This first season

the growth is good, and the bloom beautiful; but it is only a mere hint of what is to follow as these plants gain strength. The fine, fern-like foliage lasts in complete greenness until frost, and is itself of sufficient merit, if there were no bloom of scarlet and gold on nodding stems, to commend the plant. Isn't this a good "weed" to choose?

The worst dock neighborhood has been cleaned out again, and the space filled in part with the columbine and in part with the common blue flag, or German iris. The latter is vigorous, spreading, almost evergreen, and entirely better than burdocks, isn't it?

Two other spots in the half-shade are now given over to a certain plant of the strawberry family—*Duchesnea indica*. It has good foliage, and its little yellow flowers are followed by humbug scarlet "fruits" that hang long, and are immune from human interference, because entirely tasteless. This is another and excellent chosen weed, and curiously enough, it is East Indian in origin, becoming naturalized in Europe, and in some way escaping the greenhouse "hanging-basket" so as to have acclimated itself here. For the toughest spot in my whole growing garden—the dry, root-filled slope under the big west horse-chestnut—I have started and growing a creeping ranunculus,

or buttercup, or crowfoot—*Ranunculus repens.* Grass is impossible for this spot, but I have an idea that the creeping buttercup may find the place endurable, if not congenial. If it does grow there, it is certainly no weed, for it will be very much a plant *in* place, and not out of place. Yet an authority on weeds—Harold C. Long—classes this as "one of the worst weeds of arable lands!"

One formerly weedy corner of sterile ground I have filled with *Bocconia cordata*, a perennial growing to four or five feet, and with good foliage, flowers and seed-pods. It is not a proper thing to plant in a small garden, unless the roots are fenced in by concrete or slate; for they spread rapidly, and each little yellow rootlet that breaks off is another plant in a hurry. It takes care now of the weeds.

A fine yellow evening primrose that blooms all day, making for several weeks a sheet of clear lemon-yellow, is another chosen weed. It spreads by creeping roots, and will overrun any location; but it is easily "weeded out" when it gets too far, and it will crowd out all ordinary sunshine weeds. I am trying a half-dozen locations for it.

Sweet william will seed itself and keep on, and it is another of the pervasive plants that I am naturalizing in spots. (By the way, does Mrs.

Gentle Reader notice that nice word—"naturalize?" It means making a favorite plant a "weed," but it sounds much more elegant!) And I have mentioned in other chapters the sweet tobacco and the cosmos as controllable, chosen, "naturalized" weeds, quite able to hold their own, and some more. Either makes a superb ground cover, and neither is deterred by poor ground.

It is almost sacrilege, I fear, to speak of using climbing roses as weeds. But I have done it; and thusly. The south border or hedge-line of Breeze Hill garden is a curve of nearly six hundred feet in length. It is marked by a common barberry hedge, and outside down to the sidewalk space, and from that to the lower street, honeysuckle has been first a ground cover, and then a dominating weed. On the street side it is very fine and beautiful, but on the hedge side it had begun to climb and to choke even the lusty barberries. I had it rooted out completely on this side, and in its place, about ten feet apart, I have set home-raised plants of Lady Gay, Alberic Barbier, W. C. Egan, Wichuraiana and Climbing American Beauty roses. They were strung along the slope, and a little attention paid to pegging down the long branches. In one season the slope was fairly well covered, and the bloom show was something to see! When the mat of

foliage has the strength of a year or two more of growth, I anticipate the exclusion of the many undesirable weeds that have made this slope hard to keep in order.

Such has been the weed experience of this growing garden. From being at the mercy of undesirable plants, extensively naturalized, I have come to be master of some that are most desirable, and the making at home of which is a pleasant task. I shall expect each coming garden year to give me knowledge of at least one plant able to qualify in the chosen-weed class.

PLATE XXXIII. "The long border of nicotiana and African marigold . . . is now in perfection." (See page 185.)

CHAPTER XII—NOVEMBER

PUTTING THE GARDEN TO SLEEP

BUT the garden doesn't want to go to sleep! The "taps" were sounded for it in a sharp frost in the last October week, but the yet warm ground pushes up through the live plant roots a strong impulse to keep right on. And so the garden does; it keeps on. The dahlias were discouraged by the first frost, and other frosts coming early in this Thanksgiving month have put out of business a few of the annuals; but there are plenty left to keep the garden gay.

Those great zinnias and the brilliant salvias are yet happy, the cosmos is a pink-and-white cloud, with ground snowy with its fallen petals, and the long border of nicotiana and African marigold that has followed the June show of poppies is now in perfection. More than eighty feet it runs, with a background of the now reddening Japanese barberry hedge, and the sweet tobacco opens its regular evening contribution of white flowers well above it. The foliage of the marigold, no less than its showy orange and yellow

flowers, makes the front of the border fine to see. I have cut armful after armful of the great marigold stems for decoration, and yet one can see no lessening of the border's truly golden glow.

Here is a good example of what may be done with annuals in one year's round. First, the December sowing of forty cents' worth of Shirley poppy seed, with its fine June result as previously detailed in these pages; then the transplanting of the nicotiana plants that had volunteered from last year without cost, and of the marigolds that a ten-cent packet of seed provided; and now we have had two months of the fine fall display. The soon-to-arrive "black frost" will cut down this mass of foliage and flowers in time to have the border cleared, manured and dug, in preparation for next spring's new planting. Fifty cents in money expenditure, a few hours of garden work, and about fifty thousand flowers for parts of a whole season! The one unpurchasable item, that of thoughtful planning to get this effect, goes with the unsellable satisfaction that the effect was obtained. The latter important item is increased by the pleasure this display has given to very many passers-by; for any garden satisfaction of the eye that is not shared is a poor sort.

The berry plants are now most pleasing; I mean

those shrubs we grow not so much for their flowers as for their fruit. Of these, our present favorite is the "snowberry," which is well named; for its lovely white-berried branches hang as if weighted down with snow. Some of the cornuses and viburnums are now in showy fruit, in a corner of the older shrubs; and when I have sufficiently profited by the Arnold Arboretum bulletins, I can have a much finer summer and fall berry show.*

The hardy chrysanthemums that began their showing in October complete it in early November, and then the flowers hang long, despite frosts, unless there happens what came one November second Sunday. A warm rain was followed immediately by a bitter wind bearing on its breath a temperature of twenty-two degrees, which simply froze in the 'mums and everything else, encasing the flowers in solid ice. But that was only once, and it is good garden philosophy to run chances in November. I remember visiting the little village of Cashtown, in this state, to inquire about the chrysanthemum ways of it—for 'mum-growing is there a village function, and they "do" the flowers as well as the city florists, selling them to sustain the civic-

*As I have so frequently in these pages referred to the Arnold Arboretum bulletins, I think I ought here to say that anyone may have them who addresses that institution at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, sending along one dollar for the season's issues.

improvement league and to do other desirable things for the community. Without glass protection, they certainly do run chances, and employ expedients, as I understood when the husband of one of the flower-women confided in me thus: "I don't mind takin' up the settin'-room carpet, to put over the dinged posies, an' I didn't fuss when *she* took the comfort off the bed one cold night, but I drew the line when *she* sent me in for my Sunday overcoat!" But I understood from the smiling wife that *she* saved the 'mums!

Every morning when I hurry before breakfast to the garden and find that the white mist I have seen from my window has not frozen in the shelter of the great arborvitæ hedge, I'm thankful for another day of bloom and its beauty. The flowers owe me no more; I have been well paid, fully paid, for all I have done; and this extension is in the nature of an encore to which I have no real right, but which I am very glad to have accorded me.

The feast of vegetables continues, but it is naturally waning. The last of the sweet corn was on the table on the eighth day of the month, and that means that we have had it continually since July eighteenth—almost seventeen weeks of enjoyment of the best of vegetables! Anyone may do as well

who will give thought to the succession he desires, and proper cultivation to the corn he plants.

There were yet bush limas early in the month, and upon the poles have matured a considerable quantity of beans that will be useful in winter. Carrots, salsify, and the chicory roots from which I hope to force the "French endive" for salad in winter are ready to store in our "root cellar" or in outside pits. The celery is yet growing vigorously, and it will not be dug until there is a cold-wave flag flying. The blanching is being done by a paper contrivance, slipped over the top, and of course allowing the upper leaves to protrude. It seems a clever and labor-saving device; though it has been difficult for me to get into my head the knowledge that it is not the touch of earth against the celery plants, but the exclusion of light by any means, that "blanches" celery and makes it tender.

Celery is a favorite vegetable in this family, and it seems a favorite of this growing garden, in which it does well. This year I have grown several sorts for comparison, and by next month it will be possible to get our own opinions. We have been eating some Golden Self-blanching, but only after it had had also the proper treatment to make it tender; for I long ago discovered that color or its absence in celery did not relate very closely to

flavor, tenderness or that crispness which makes such a difference. I have had handsomely yellow stalks that were stringy, tough and undesirable; and I have broken thick, green stems full of delightfully "nutty" interior. "Handsome is as handsome tastes," in our celery consideration.

November is the bulb-planting month. This year we have at Breeze Hill largely increased the preparations for spring bloom in the use of various narcissi, or daffodils. My visits to Hunt's bulb garden last spring gave notes for extending the show that we have heretofore had only from Emperor, Empress, and Poeticus—after, of course, the early Golden Spur. These excellent sorts are of but two classes in the great family—Trumpet and Poeticus. I found lovely flowers, quite distinct, in the Incomparabilis, Barrii and Leedsii sections, and also, to my satisfaction, that they could be had at no great cost. It was interesting to see that while the daffodils of high degree, at one to ten dollars per bulb, were usually very beautiful or very large, or very both, they were not the only large and beautiful and desirable varieties. There was no repetition of my peony experience!

Consequently I have this month gotten into the ground in several locations some twelve hundred daffodil bulbs, placed with the idea of having them

paint themselves into the spring pictures, and thereafter naturalize into the edges of the lawn, not to be meddled with until in two or three years they have crowded themselves with their own increase. In addition, there have been little colonies set in the north border of the formal garden, including ten to twenty-five each of some different and rarer sorts, to be more closely under observation, as well as to fit into the spring picture.

Another bulb preparation includes tulips that are "different." One visit to Mr. Hunt's garden was at the time when there were blooming not only some wonderful Darwin tulips, but no less wonderful flowers of the Breeder, Bybloem and Bizarre classes, and some dainty "botanical" varieties as well. I had never dreamed of such subdued richness of tulip color as I saw there early one morning, with the sun slanting its rays into their dew-jeweled cups! I knew of rich scarlet, and clear yellow, and deep crimson, and bright pink, and such pleasing colors and tints; but the soft tones of buff, orange, bronze, deep purple and smoky yellow-brown were new to me as tulip colors. These, Mr. Hunt explained, were the twentieth-century equivalent of the tulips that had so excited fanciers in Holland and in England generations ago, but which had not been pushed in the American market. Are we of

Uncle Sam's children not able to appreciate and admire these refined shades as well as our British, Dutch and German cousins? I think so; and I'm hoping to have some pilgrimages to my growing garden next spring to see the tulips there planted in the borders, in careful thought of color-contiguity and with the fine background of the old evergreen hedge.

The "species" or botanical tulips I may fail with, since they are known to be impatient of unsuitable places, and I have—as yet—no rock-garden to provide root-coolness for them. But I'm trying; and that is all I can do.

It would take too much space to tell here the story of the garden wall at Breeze Hill, and why and how it grew. It was, and is, part of the development of the idea, and my slowness to see, my lack of foresight, have made it more expensive and less satisfactory than it ought to be. It is just possible that it will fall down, in part, if I may take notice from certain suspicious cracks in the careless masonry. If it does, I shall be pocket-sorry and garden-glad; for when it goes up again, on the very same lines, it will be a really truly garden wall, with deep crevices for rock plants, and a certain-sure foundation. I have been the victim of the mason; I hope to be his master, next

PLATE XXXIV. "On either side the garden entrance a fine red cedar." (See page 193.)

time, and to impress upon his Dutch stolidity the idea that I am to have what I want in a wall if he is to have what he wants in pay for erecting one!

But this November I have celebrated that wall by planting at its western face, on either side the garden entrance, a fine red cedar, or "juniper" as we used to call it as a Christmas tree. These cedars seem to stand there as posts of a gateless and hospitable entrance, and I like their slim greenness. And I have planted along the wall, soon to cover it if it does not fall, the fine evergreen vine *Evonymus radicans*. It is a clinger, and its neat foliage is right for these limestone boulders.

All the month the ground is workable, and much transplanting has been done, as well as much preparing for the hurried spring. It seems time, even ahead of a killing frost, to put the garden to sleep, and I have not hesitated to cut off tops on plants I want to move, and thus to prepare for the winter's rest. As I have written, many hundreds of brown bulbs have been put to sleep in the ground, and wherever I can clear up a bed or border, it is carefully mulched with loose manure, as protection for the winter. Not yet may I cover everything, for it seems best to wait until a little frost hardens the ground over the bulbs, ere the protection is applied.

Bean-poles are pulled up, tomato-stakes collected, leaves raked away—but not many have yet fallen—and every bit of trash that can be rotted is taken to the compost heap, which is once carefully turned and thoroughly wet during the month.

But now comes a snow flurry, and more nights with light frosts. The autumn color, often rather flat and monotonous in this Susquehanna valley, begins to be notable here, and a new garden glows before our eyes. The contrasts are striking, and on every side the eye is entranced with nature's final burst of color. Here are the lilacs and the mound of honeysuckle at the carriage step, in full, deep, rich and glowing summer green, untouched by frost, and with here and there in the honeysuckle a dainty and almost super-sweet flower. The arborvitæ hedge has a brown undertone to its dull green, but next to it there flames a dogwood, crimson in foliage and scarlet in fruit, and a *Viburnum tomentosum*, in deeper crimson. Of course my huckleberries, little though they are as yet, are showing the fall blood-red foliage that is but one of their merits, while not far away there are spireas and other shrubs in full summer foliage of green.

In the Arboretum bed are some cotoneasters,

low and compact shrubs new to me until recently. Their small foliage is deep and glossy green, flecked here and there with rich crimson, to which hue it will all turn soon, I infer. On that garden wall the *Ampelopsis Engelmannii* is flaunting scarlet banners, while the nearby hanging shoots of the Wichuraiana rose are yet in entire green. The roses in the "species bed" are bare, save one, *Rosa carolina*, which is rampant in young shoots and brightest green.

The big oakleaves of *Hydrangea quercifolia* have taken on a peculiar and striking bronzy hue, like nothing else. Those two large Buffum pear trees are in blossom again, seemingly, but it is a bloom of fire, for the foliage is indescribably ablaze in red and yellow and bronze.

Rather suddenly the horse-chestnuts turn yellow in foliage, and the great west tree becomes a clear and lucent color that sends a glow into the nearby windows. Hardly a leaf had it dropped until one morning toward Thanksgiving, after the first real freeze, it shed all its immense mass of foliage in about three hours, appearing by noon cleanly bared for winter.

Of all the autumn color show, the part furnished by the barberry hedge is the finest. Beautiful every hour in the year, its fall changing is an

intensification of that beauty. The change begins early, and is in progress slowly for many weeks, until suddenly it glows in a deep scarlet-crimson, amidst which its clear scarlet fruit, hanging in graceful sprays under the arching twigs, is the accented note. What a shrub it is! Hardy, serviceable, able to endure shade and yet to revel in sun; needing no trimming at all, holding interest all the time; getting along in poor ground but rejoicing abundantly if better treated; is it not the one best low-growing shrub?

So closes the month, in a glow of autumn color, fading slowly, dropping softly to the ground. It is a joyous ending to a lovely season in this growing garden.

CHAPTER XIII—DECEMBER

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

THE Christmas month, in this climate, is not one of garden growth, to any great extent. It is a time of expectation, in that a freeze-up is presumably imminent on any December night. It is a time for protection, as well; for after that first freeze-up, which ideally should be a mild one, it is orthodox to tuck in the covers, draw up the blankets, and make sure that the garden plant-folk are all "comfy" for the winter. It is this process that promotes retrospect, and it is a queer gardener who is not also continually thinking of the future, of next year's prospect.

But December is not all bleak winter here, by any means. The earlier days are often mild and pleasant, and the hardier remainders of the garden year take prompt advantage of any sun-encouragement. During the first week of the month I have found scabious, candytuft and gaillardias in comfortable bloom. Of course I expect to see pansies opening in every month in the year, and have not now, nor often, been disappointed.

Then the wallflowers, bless them! do not regard winter as of any importance until at last Jack Frost repeatedly freezes them into insensibility. One year the ground was unfrozen when the first deep December snow arrived, covering everything with its soft mantle. There followed weeks of the sharp steady cold of an ideal winter; but in January a thaw set in that in a day cut down the snow blanket to a mere gauze sheet. What was my surprise to find that the sinking snow uncovered wallflowers that had seemingly opened their blooms under it, and were in entire perfection when the sun reached them!

And on Christmas day in one of the happy Breeze Hill garden years I have found and gloatingly taken to the home-guests that day assembled flowers of the pansy, the English daisy and the wallflower. These latest flowers are doubly appreciated, and have an appeal not possessed by the great rich greenhouse roses one buys.

So long as the ground can be handled and worked, we keep at it. Early in December I have marked out, in prospect for next and later years, a new walk across that part of the west garden last devoted to a potato failure, and since under such further amelioration of its soil as will give me hope of accomplishing real gardening on it another

year. The marking out has been made permanent by the use of iron-pipe posts instead of the wooden stakes, so easy to drive, so brittle in the winter, and so likely to have disappeared next spring. I get from a junk-dealer such pieces of three-quarter or inch iron pipe as he has in his possession, and with a hack-saw or a pipe-cutter quickly reduce the incidental lengths to an even size of fifteen inches. These seldom cost more than a cent each, and they serve the marking purpose both well and permanently. It is one of the garden jokes to report the whispered question of a visitor, who, seeing the pipe stakes of the curving walk, not yet driven down even with the ground, said in my ear, "I suppose those pipes are part of your irrigating system?"

I have to deal in this whole home place with a piece of ground that is not rectangular, but a segment of a circle; and as the house was originally placed with reference to a road since abandoned, and the present street plan has no relation to that road, some perplexing problems have appeared. Of course, since Mr. Manning supplied me with the idea that the garden axis had to be that of the house, there is a base-line to work from. The nearest street-corner right-angle provides another base-line, and the desirable retention of

the old hedges, several of them on curves, has not lessened the complexity of the layout. It took me several hours to connect the house axis with the not parallel street line by means of the new walk above mentioned, because I had to construct a curve of several radii—and I certainly am no engineer!

The process was to drive in little wooden pegs every three feet on what seemed to be the right curve, and then to more completely visualize this by drawing along the stakes a white garden line. The curve was not at all right; and then followed shifting of the stakes many times until my eye was satisfied. (My printer associates hint that it is unreasonably hard to satisfy that eye, by the way!) Then the iron-pipe stakes were driven along the convex side of the curve, three feet apart, and a foot deep, leaving three inches out of the ground to serve until the grass that will be sown in early spring has completely defined the walk.

The same sort of markers have been used for garden beds and borders all over the place, driving them even with the ground, so that a lawn-mower will not notice them, but an investigating finger will, when it is desirable to make sure of lines or corners or curves.

Now that the leaves are all down, I find where

PLATE XXXV. "The barberry hedge, now purely lovely . . .
The rhododendrons, snow-bound, look happy."
(See page 205.)

the mean oyster-shell scale has hidden upon certain lilacs and dogwoods. He and his million-family are given an overcoat of strong lime-sulphur, which I wish they may enjoy! I find here and there insect egg-masses, which are abolished. The trees trained on the espalier are cut loose for the winter, so that we may get back of the tied-up stems with spray fluid. The stems of the peach and the apples trees are examined for borers at and below the ground-line, and these are tickled to death, when found by knife or pointed wire.

The sun-dial ivy is a problem. I like the English ivy, and it is just the thing to cover the brown-stone pedestal on which is supported the hour-marking device. Unfortunately, the ivy has frozen back to disreputability every year, which means that for about five growing months the pedestal is either uncovered or raggedly covered. Last year, therefore, I concluded to say farewell to the ivy, and to depend for sun-dial greenery upon the definitely hardy *Evonymus radicans*, a most excellent evergreen climber. But I could not be hard-hearted enough to tear out the ivy roots when I planted the evonymus, so I merely cut off the old bedraggled stems of it. Behold! it has possessed the pedestal, covered up the evonymus,

and several times during the summer I have had to restrain its ambition to cover the dial itself by cutting back its exuberant branches. Now that winter is impending, I am anxious to carry it through substantially unharmed. Previous protection by cedar boughs has been inadequate; and, after much consideration, I have wrapped it about with burlap, loosely applied, and most unpleasing to see. The spring will show—what?

All the vegetables are out of danger now, either in securely covered trenches, or in a cellar that I can hold at close to forty degrees Fahrenheit all winter. The ground from which they were lifted has been raked smooth, and if I had time would all be manured and dug before freezing. I have had time to get ready a "row" for the earliest peas and spinach; and my son has looked spring in the eye in making a new sort of concrete coldframe range from which he expects interesting results; but that is too much of a story to tell before Christmas.

With all there is to do in the hours that may be taken from the office-desk at which is earned a living and the money to play with a growing garden, there yet remains some time and much inclination for retrospect and prospect. As I walk about, my forward-looking mind sees many things

to do, and it draws pictures for me on that flexible canvas, my imagination. But today it has harked back to the first December, five years ago, and it bids me dwell on memories rather than on anticipations. I see what the years have worked out for me, under God's sunshine and rain, on this once forbidding and now attractive spot. I see how my vague ideals have been clarified, how my hardly less vague desires have been changed, in the years of outdoor effort and thought. I am keenly sensible of the kindness of better gardeners who have been patient with my crudities, recognizing, perhaps, the inner striving in the right direction. My mistakes! How many they have been, and how vexatious when discovered, until I learned to recognize them as actual onward steps, to laugh at them and their maker, and to arrive at the knowledge that I was quite certain to keep on making garden errors, but might hope, with sufficient thoughtful humility, to avoid making the same error twice.

Looking backward, I note the transition from reading books about gardens to doing work in one of them, and how it gradually came to pass that I read less, and only of standard substantialities that might be termed principles, because I found that I must work out my own garden salvation, and work it out, if not with fear and trembling,

certainly with an open mind and a humble disposition. If I may be pardoned the personality of it, I may say, too, that the garden-work stopped a rather busy pen for a while. How could I take time to write of anything—gardening or printing, civics or photography—when there was such an open volume to read as I walked and worked and thought? Of this kind of reading I have done much, and profited by it some at least, in these garden years. Now that something has moved me to write again, I am but talking with whoever reads, feeling hopeful that those who have followed the fortunes of this growing garden along through the months have arrived at some sympathy with and understanding of my plain statement of happenings and hopes, of errors and satisfactions.

In this retrospect, I observe that much has been done at Breeze Hill, from the standpoint of the gardenerless-garden and the scanty pocketbook, though it would be little indeed in comparison with what many men of large means have accomplished in less time. Such men's gardens interest me to look at, and in part to profit by; but I take it more men of little means who ought to make grow a garden of their own will see these words than will millionaires whose very weight of wealth makes an individual garden almost impossible for

them. So my measure of accomplishment in working over this run-down old place is only to be considered in connection with the expenditure of time and money possible to many another man who will be made a better worker at his business or profession if he will undertake the garden cure.

There has been a heavy snow, and I write looking west through Lovers' Lane, where I see the planting of rhododendrons along the old-looking but quite recent stone walk that has taken the place of the weedy, rutty farm lane of five years ago. The rhododendrons, snow-bound as they are, look happy, and are happy; and I know that at their feet, and along the walk on both sides are safely tucked away scores of woods favorites in this place reserved for American natives only. Just around to the right there is, I also know, a planting of daffodils that will surely look better than did the poke-weed that overran the same place five years ago. To the right also, and following the line of the old hedge that has been petted and trimmed and fertilized all I dare, more and other daffodils will come, and later Easter lilies and later yet fine little yellow button chrysanthemums, where reigned supreme dock and nettles in the old days.

Looking southwest, I see the youngest part of

the garden, with its borders and the Arboretum bed, its grass driveway, its almost concealed range of coldframes facing the winter sun, its new planting of pet evergreens. That was a wreck of dead pear trees five years ago! Beyond, I see the barberry hedge, now purely lovely because of the way in which it carries its snow load, and I remember that when I came here there were fences that were offenses—great scroll-sawed contortions of pine boards—because they said plainly, "Stay out!" This hedge, which is only a marking line after all, says "Look in!"

Walking out in the snow—and I love it more than I did that first winter—I turn into the formal garden which has taken the place of two broken-down buildings—an ice-house and a greenhouse—that made the place forlorn when I came. In it I see the rose-arbor, now trebly covered with a mat of prosperous rose-twigs, snugly protected with the unused Christmas trees I have picked up, and thick with this clinging snow. Under these nearby flat white expanses I know there are perennial plants of many sorts, ready to be born again in spring; and they grow in what was formerly the foundation of that greenhouse.

A bit farther along, and there is a glimpse of the fruit-garden, looking clean and trim, and also

ready to serve me beyond my deserts when its time comes. And this has taken the place of an abandoned, overrun, ridgy, dying vineyard of five years ago!

All this change; and yet it is, and looks like, an old place. Not only had I a memory of my own old home place to restrain me, but I had the admonitions of Mr. Manning, to prevent the sort of horror I have so often seen with sadness—the cutting down of everything, so as to "start afresh." Here, instead, the old features have been zealously preserved, and the new plantings and placings adapted to them. The result is a mature and home-ly (please note the hyphen, and what it means) beauty that could not have been had in a generation if we had "started afresh."

The retrospect is pleasing, at least to us of the growing garden, in and with which we also have grown and gained in spirit and in health. Now what of the prospect?

These vista plant-pictures are to be perfected, so that they will tell us in every season more of the goodness of the God of the outdoors. This implies study, effort, fruitful mistakes, trials, changes. Then I want here gathered, not in a museum fashion of orderly display, but as part of a living and growing garden, all the good plants, particularly

of Pennsylvania, that can be happily located. I want also the less well-known shrubs, especially of fascinating West China and mysterious Thibet, to show here to visiting Americans what they may additionally have of loveliness in leaf and flower. I want good fruits—I have already supplemented those fine fall-bearing Progressive strawberries with a red raspberry said to come along in company —and new roses that are worth while.

The vegetable part of the garden I hope to see take cognizance of other things that we ought to like, and to repeat many times the success of the kohlrabi. I hope constantly to improve the texture and the productivity of the soil. I want to some time have really good lawns—for it may have been noticed that I have kept quiet about lawns, for reasons, many reasons—and I dream of grass drives as deep and velvety and wear-resisting as those of my old acquaintance Olcott in Connecticut.

And I must not forget my dream of a little well-placed rock-garden, in which may be made at home a host of lovely plants that demand cool roots, and a chance to nestle under the edge of a boulder. There is a place for it, I think; and also a place for just a bit of a water garden, well circumstanced, in which I may see bloom the lovely

PLATE XXXVI. "The-fruit garden, looking clean and trim. . . . The rose-arbor . . . thick with this clinging snow."
(See page 206.)

hardy water lilies, and around which may be gathered some wet-footed plants.

There are two old cherry trees in the front lawn that are dying. At the foot of the most decrepit is growing the Excelsa rose previously mentioned, which in one season has mounted about fifteen feet (as shown on the frontispiece), and ought in due course to swing its crimson garlands in the breeze from the topmost remaining limbs another year. This is the trial; and if it seems a success, the other old veteran will change its bearing in June from cherries to roses, or mayhap wistaria.

Other things are to be done. The good plants I want to naturalize as "weeds" are to be selected and placed; the iris planting is to be made more representative; a peony garden will come if "shekels" appear for it; some North Carolina mountain evergreen shrubs—the leucothoë, the galax, and certain azalea-rhododendrons—are to fill a corner that will be home for them, I hope; a long hedge of climbers, not roses, is to form a semi-screen for the west garden. Thus, and otherwise, the garden is to grow; for it is, and has been, a true growing garden. And I have thought it worth while, in planning and planting, to take into account what would happen if again this old place were abandoned. God willing, I believe that even

then it would continue to be a growing garden. I should like no better epitaph than that it might be said, after I have passed along to other labors, that here dwelt a man who loved a garden, who lived in and grew with it, and who yet looks upon it, even from afar, as a garden growing for all who love the beauties of God's green earth.

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